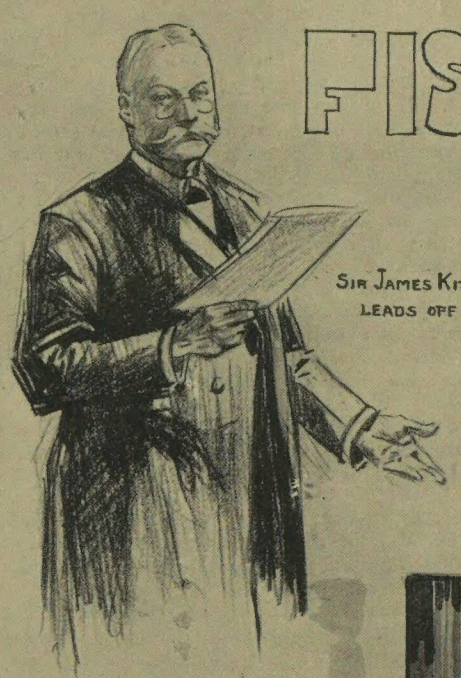
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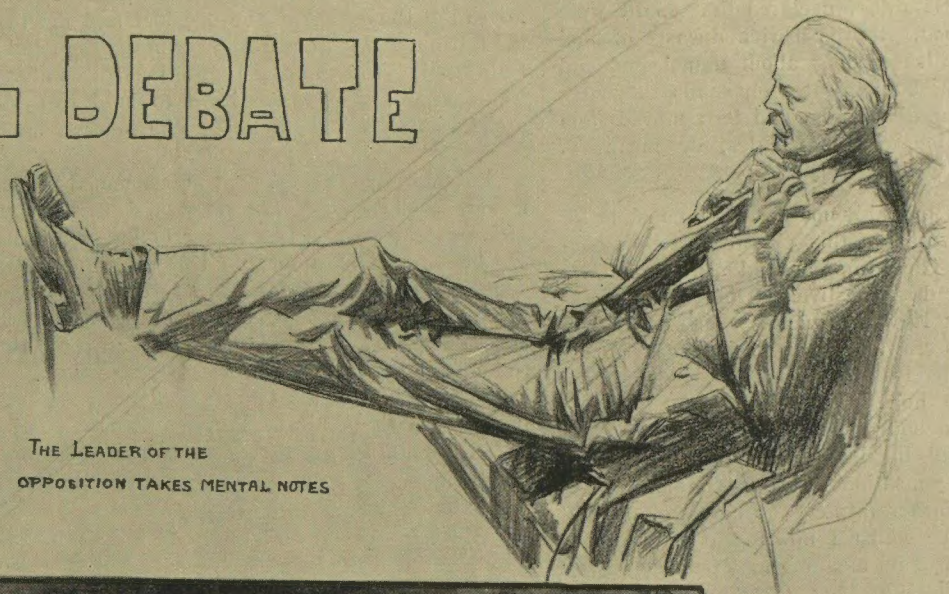
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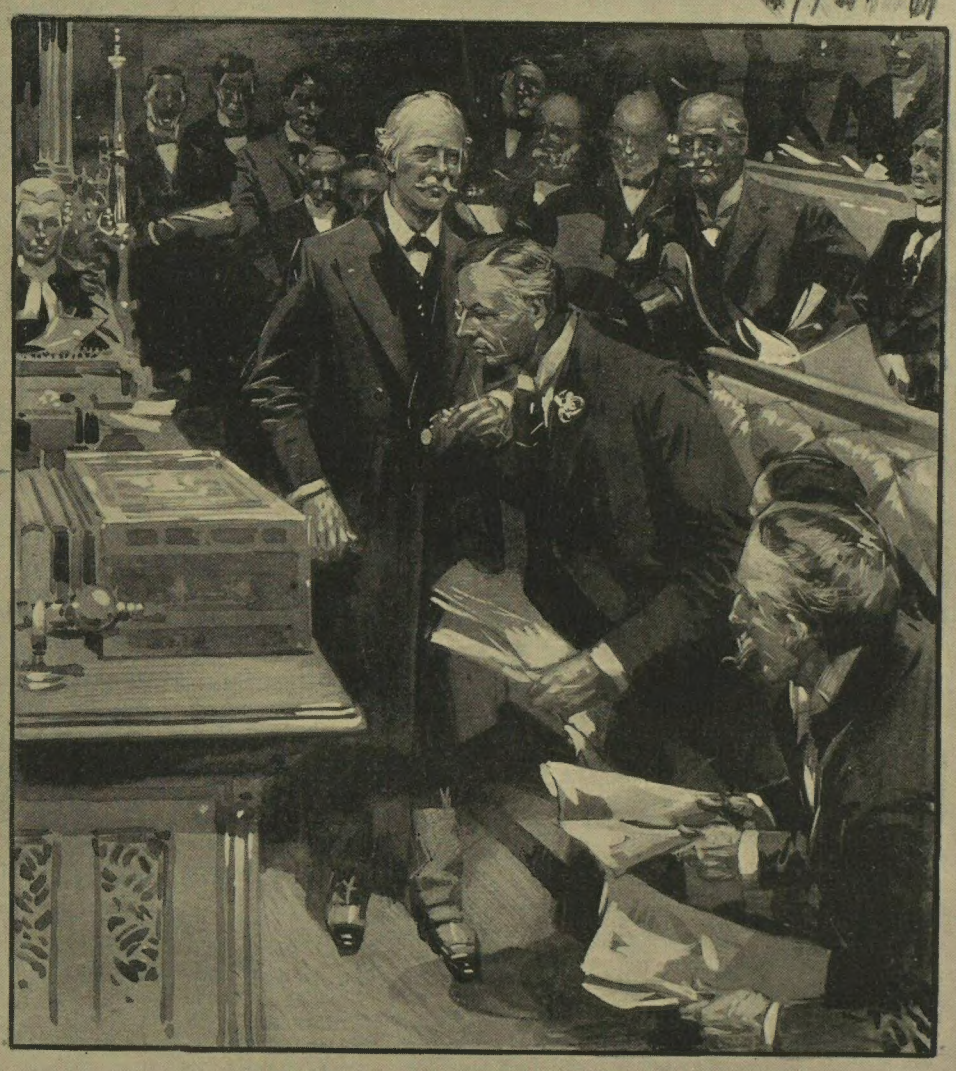
FISCAL DEBATE



SIR JAMES KITSON LEADS OFF



THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION TAKES MENTAL NOTES





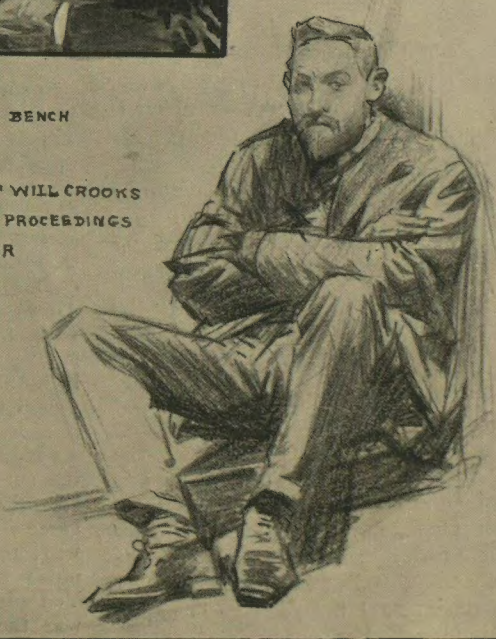
C.B. SAYS "ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLERY"



MR PHILIP SNOWDEN SPEAKS FOR LABOUR



MR BALFOUR TAKING HIS SEAT ON THE OPPOSITION BENCH



MR WILL CROOKS SITS OUT THE PROCEEDINGS ON THE FLOOR

A CONSULTATION

MAX COWPER

MR. BALFOUR'S RETURN TO PARLIAMENT, AND THE LIVELY FISCAL DEBATE.

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE BY MAX COWPER.

On March 12, Mr. Balfour returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for the City of London. After the ex-Premier had taken the oath, room was made for him on the front Opposition Bench by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The Fiscal debate on Sir J. Kitson's motion proved exceedingly lively, and the Prime Minister waxed very vehement.—(SEE PARLIAMENTARY ARTICLE.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I DO not know why it is that some paragraphs in newspapers are very funny. Humour is mystical; it is no more to be argued about than a religion. It is the fact that men in all ages and countries stretch out their hands to the sky when uttering a prayer. Still, if any particular modern ethical lecturer chose to stretch out his legs to the sky instead, one could not quarrel with his action on any logical ground; one could not give any rational ground for thinking that his action was funny. Similarly, I cannot give any rational ground for thinking that the following paragraph is funny. But I do think it is funny. Perhaps, on the other hand, you with your more gentlemanly feelings do not.

"Canon Horsley (Chairman of the London Branch of the Conchological Society), speaking on 'Shells' at Morley College on Saturday, declared that snails were very nutritious as food. It was a wicked waste of food to see great big snails crawling about unmolested and uneaten. By pouring boiling water on snails they were ready for food immediately, and could be removed from the shell in the same way as winkles, by means of a pin."

Canon Horsley is probably not at all responsible for the grammar and syntax of this characteristically condensed paragraph. The grammar and syntax of it are really rather wild and suggestive. There is the sentence, for instance, "It was a wicked waste of food to see great big snails crawling about." One can hardly waste one's food merely by the act of seeing snails. Literally construed, however, the sentence certainly does mean that anybody whose eye should chance to fall upon a snail in the garden is in that act suddenly guilty of a sensational act of economic extravagance. A still darker mystery gathers around the extraordinary sentence which I now repeat in the faint hope that some idea of its meaning may penetrate even to my own clouded intelligence: "By pouring boiling water on snails they were ready for food immediately." Let us approach this complexity as calmly as possible. Strictly and grammatically interpreted, rearranged as it would be in a book of grammar, with subject, predicate, object, adjuncts, etc., the sentence would run as follows: "They, by pouring boiling water on snails, were ready for food immediately." This seems to point to some new sport indulged in before breakfast by some unnamed parties in country houses. They rise with the lark, they go out into the glorious morning, and, in order to get an appetite for breakfast, they indulge in a slight variation upon the traditional sports of the English countryside. They do not lay dogs on to a fox. They do not put shot into a rabbit. By way of a change, they pour boiling water upon snails. Then, glowing and breathing from this manly exercise, they are, as the text says, "ready for food immediately."

This is the strict grammatical meaning of the sentence, but do not let us be pedantic. There are several other possible interpretations which are not indeed grammatical, but which are more or less suggested by the context of the sentence. "By pouring boiling water on snails they were ready for food immediately." By a stretch of language, this may be held to mean something in this fashion: "Through the human action of pouring boiling water on snails, they (the snails) were ready for food immediately." The boiling water, in short, gave the snails an appetite. Up to that moment comparatively cold, and afflicted with a lassitude which is only too common in their particular tribe, they were suddenly awakened by a shower of scalding water out of all trace of lassitude, and especially out of all trace of coldness. After experiencing that great psychological shock the snails became conscious of a certain reaction, and an appetite for their natural food. What their natural food is I have not the most glimmering idea, but of course Canon Horsley (Chairman of the London Branch of the Conchological Society) knows about it down to the most exquisite detail of the epicure. He could make out a menu for snails. In any case the second most reasonable explanation of the sentence certainly is as I have said—it is the idea that you can give snails a good appetite by suddenly pouring hot water on them. I do not know whether this has ever been tried with our pessimistic men-about-town who have no appetite. There is a good deal to be said for the idea that the best way to restore their healthy functions would be to get them into hot water as soon as possible.

Last of all there occurs to me, after a great deal of meditation and mental ingenuity, that perhaps what the journalist who wrote the sentence really meant was this: we, by pouring boiling water on snails, can make them ready to act or officiate as food for us immediately. This, I incline to think, really was the writer's meaning. And even when this has been elucidated, I may be permitted to repeat that the passage is funny. There is surely something rather entertaining about its being a wicked waste of food to permit a snail to wander at its will. There seems no limit to the process. A great many kinds of food may be excellent for all I know, as I have never tried them. Horse sounds to our mere mammalian prejudices much more promising than snail. Yet I can hardly say that I feel myself wasteful whenever I see an uneaten horse. I do not shed the tears of a repentant spendthrift whenever I allow a cab-horse to canter past me without rushing at him and cutting a great steak out of his carcase. That it is a waste of food to allow any eatable creatures to run about uneaten seems an exacting dogma. I will not say that snails can be described as running about uneaten; but at least the problem is more difficult when applied to snails. Snails may become a kind of political symbol in the controversies of political economy. Free-traders will insist on the frantic disasters attending upon the prospects of dearer snails Protectionists will paint terrible pictures of foreign snails (made in Germany) invading our shores in thousands. Think of the trouble of the *Daily News* in having to print a new poster instead of the poster of the big loaf and the little loaf, the terrible and instructive poster of the big snail and the little snail. And think of the serious discomfort of Mr. Chamberlain, who would have to hold two snails of approximately equal thickness, one in each hand.

I wonder, by the way, what my esteemed humanitarian friends would say of the process described by Canon Horsley: the process of pouring boiling water on snails. By humanitarians I mean all those who are ready to support any other class of creatures against humanity. My difficulty in the matter has always been a perfectly simple one. It is that I am really an agnostic; I am the only one that exists in the modern world. I do not know what impression is produced on a snail by pouring hot water on him. Perhaps it merely stings him into an exhilarating self-consciousness, as sea-water does me. Perhaps it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the snail beneath. Perhaps it is a great distress, perhaps a little distress, perhaps he does not notice it at all. Therefore when I am doing anything to a snail, I feel that I know not what I do. I am firing in the air; I am aiming my arrow at the stars. Even if I upset hot water over a snail, as Canon Horsley does, I should not be certain about the snail's sentiments. The snail might regard it as a beautiful baptism. But if I upset hot water over Canon Horsley, I should be quite certain about Canon Horsley's sentiments. I should know that no stretch of religious toleration would permit him to regard it as a form of baptism. And herein lies the whole problem. If I poured hot water over a man, I should be doing something much worse than giving an annoyance. I should be taking a liberty. And if the history of revolutions proves anything, it proves that tyrants get themselves decapitated, not when they inflict annoyances, but when they take liberties. The enormous difference between the moral position of men and animals is simply this: that when we do wrong to a man we break a treaty. I would without hesitation myself kill any number of horses under me to bring a reprieve to the vilest criminal that ever walked. This is not because horses are necessarily inferior to men. For all I know, when I get to Heaven (if I ever get there) there may be great choirs of angel horses like Pegasus flapping their wings around the Throne. The reason is that I have entered into an implied contract of justice with all men. I know what all men mean by justice. I know that it includes not being hanged on false evidence. What horses mean by justice I cannot imagine; possibly they mean something quite superior. But the fundamental difference remains. In the case of men there is an understood compact; in the case of horses there is not.

I have the misfortune to be (in this problem of cruelty to animals) detested and repudiated by all my friends, who (I may pause for a moment to explain) are mostly mad. I cannot satisfy either the humanitarians or those whom Mr. Salt, I think, cleverly called "brutalitarians." On the one hand, as I have said, I put on a quite superior, special, and important plane the interests of humanity. This, of course, displeases the humanitarians. On the other hand, the things which the anti-humanitarians delight in most, such as flogging and vivisection, appear to me detestable. They are detestable, not because they are fierce and painful, but because they are reasonable and safe. People accuse the humanitarians of being sentimental. I think their fault is that they are not sentimental enough. They are too coarse, too carnal, too materialistic to weigh sin wisely. They do not see that in these things sentiment is the whole thing. They think it is a question of the physical injury endured. It is not. To hit a man in the face is nothing: men will do it to each other for sport, for money, or for fun. But to tie a man's hands and then hit him in the face might call down fire from God or justify a vendetta. But we find humanitarians objecting in the same breath to the cruelty of flogging and to the brutality of pugilism as if they were something after the same style. The humanitarians, in their gross, animal way, think that a flogging and a prize-fight are very much the same because they bruise a man's body. You might as well say that taking off your hat to a lady was the same as having your hat knocked off by a gentleman. The physical effect is the same; you are for some brief period without a hat. But I have been told by psychological experts, who have tried both, that the emotions are remarkably different.

THE COURRIÈRES CATASTROPHE.

OF all the disasters to which those who work in coal-mines are subjected, that of an outbreak of fire is undoubtedly the most appalling, ensuring, as it inevitably does, a miserable death to those who, when the flames first manifest themselves, are too far below the surface to make good their escape. The Courrières disaster of March 10, with its frightful death-roll, must be ascribed to an outbreak of fire, occasioned by a preliminary explosion. It is impossible at this moment to state with any certainty the cause of this explosion, as the mining engineers themselves have not yet issued an official report. Several theories are being advanced, the one generally accepted being that fire-damp was the principal contributory factor. Another theory is that the accident resulted from an unchecked fire which broke out in the adjacent Mericourt pit on the previous Wednesday.

From personal investigations at the scene of the catastrophe, it appears that, almost immediately after the explosion, which occurred about 7 a.m., just after the day shift had commenced work, flames were seen issuing from the mouths of Pits Nos. 2, 3, and 4. So fierce was the heat generated that the work of rescue could not be commenced until much valuable time had elapsed. M. Voisin, one of the staff engineers, bravely volunteered to be lowered down the shaft of Pit No. 2, but before he had descended more than a few feet he was brought up again almost asphyxiated from the fumes filling the shaft. Nevertheless, there was no lack of volunteers to take his place, and a score of devoted engineers went down to investigate one after the other at the earliest possible moment. While they were exploring below the surface the most heartrending scenes imaginable were taking place at the pit-mouths, and it was as much as a strong cordon of police, reinforced by military, could do to prevent the wives of the doomed men from following the search-parties. The first pit to be cleared was No. 3, and 120 men, who on the first alarm had taken refuge in the central gallery, were brought up alive. These survivors reported the dread news that the force of the explosion had torn down the supporting baulks of timber in several of the galleries, and that many exits were consequently blocked. By three o'clock in the afternoon a second party of about one hundred was brought up. It included many seriously injured.

On the next day, Sunday, an approximate list of the rescued and missing gave the following totals—

Pit No. 2.—(500 miners) 250 rescued, 250 missing.
Pit No. 3.—(600 miners) none rescued.
Pit No. 4.—(700 miners) 60 rescued, 640 missing.
Pit No. 6.—(400 miners) all rescued.

Thus, out of over 2000 men known to be in the mines at the time of the accident, only 710 were brought up alive. Many, however, were so severely injured that they died in hospital shortly afterwards. The engineers in charge of the search-parties reported that they came across hundred of bodies piled one on top of the other, but were unable to get near them owing to the presence of poisonous gases. One of the rescued miners stated that several comrades working near him at the time were blown to pieces by the force of the explosion, or crushed underneath falling rocks. These bodies cannot possibly be recovered for many weeks.

As soon as the news of the disaster was made known, M. Dubief, Minister of the Interior, and M. Gauthier, Minister of Public Works, together with a representative of M. Fallières, left Paris at once by special train for Billy-Montigny, the scene of the catastrophe. On arrival, they were met by M. Léon, Inspector of Mines, and a council was immediately held as to the best means of forwarding the work of rescue. A detachment of sappers was hastily summoned by telegraph from Paris, and a battalion of Engineers was also sent for. All night long the task of bringing up bodies was proceeded with, and by morning it became only too sadly evident that every man still entombed in the galleries had ceased to live. Everyone—from chief officials to humble coal-sorters—took his place in the search-parties; no one dreamed of hanging back, although it meant certain death in many cases to descend to a depth of more than a few feet in some of the shafts. The most dangerous pit was the one known as No. 3. It is 360 mètres deep, but in three hours the explorers could only descend ten mètres.

The scenes round the pit-mouths as the bodies were brought up by slow degrees were, as may be imagined, extremely painful. The women whose husbands and sons are missing are almost beside themselves with grief, unable to tell if their loved ones are among the crushed and blackened forms which the police have arranged in long lines in one of the sheds. It will be some time, indeed, before they will know for certain that for them the days of despair are over, and that the years of desolation have begun.

The mines of Courrières form an important mineral group in the Pas-de-Calais province. They are situated on the Lens railway-line, about 135 miles from Paris, while the offices of the company are at Billy-Montigny, the immediate scene of the accident. The managing-director is M. Lavaurs, the president and vice-president of the board being respectively M. Dupont and M. Paul Schneider. The company was founded in 1856, with a capital of six million francs, and its preference shares, issued at 500 francs, are quoted at 3740 francs. Of the twelve pits which the company owns, eight were being worked at the time of the catastrophe. Billy-Montigny, where the disaster occurred, is a small village of about 4500 inhabitants, all of whom—men, women and children—work in the mines. The village is a typical French mining one—ugly and strictly utilitarian—with scarcely a tree or blade of grass for miles around. Piles of coal and towering machinery meet the eye everywhere. The only houses that rise above the dignity of cottages are those belonging to the overseers and engineers. There are a few shops which supply the villagers with their humble requirements, a church or two, a school for the children, and the inevitable café.

And over all hangs a black and heavy cloud of sorrow!

HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS." AT THE SCALA.

LAST Saturday night's audience welcomed gladly, as must every playgoer with a memory, the return of that old Adelphi favourite, Miss Jessie Millward, to the London stage; everyone, too, was rejoiced to see that during her long stay in the States this actress has broadened her style and added to her emotional gifts the charm and vivacity of a comédienne, though it is true that just at present she distinguishes her lighter and more pathetic scenes by too marked a differentiation of voice. Unfortunately, the cordial greeting that Miss Millward deserved could hardly be extended to the work in which she had elected to make her rentrée. Mr. Stanislaus Stange's new play, "The School for Husbands," seems to have entirely delighted those touchingly unsophisticated *laudatores temporis acti* who seem to form so large a contingent in the modern American theatres, but it is really a most inartistic patchwork of shreds and tatters taken from various Restoration and eighteenth-century comedies and put together with a singular lack of constructive skill and a glorious disregard of propriety of dialogue. Its period is that of the South Sea Bubble, but its language, which is, for the most part, of the Wardour Street sort, is peppered indiscriminately with early and late eighteenth-century oaths and expletives. The story, which has borrowed with changes the husband from "The Provoked Wife," and has appropriated without change Lord Foppington from "The Relapse," describes how a model wife schools her husband by imitating his vices of gaming and flirtation, and making him frantically jealous and devoted; but all its machinery is of the most conventional pattern, and the one comparatively novel character introduced into the scheme—a preposterous Nawab who elopes with the heroine's cousin, and is forever invoking Allah—amused spectators in a way not intended by the author. More boisterous farce than comedy even of the imitation sort, "The School for Husbands" shows Miss Millward to great advantage, and gives Miss Dorothy Minto, in the rôle of the heroine's cousin, a chance for some very piquant acting. For the rest of the company there is not much to do. Mr. Frank Cooper is very earnest and convincing in the husband's part. Mr. Cunningham makes the ridiculously amorous Nawab fairly picturesque, and Mr. T. W. Percyval brings out effectively the humours of Lord Foppington.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON'S SAVOY MATINÉE.

Very interesting, though for the most part rather melancholy, was the programme that Miss Gertrude Kingston produced at a matinée which she gave last Thursday at the Savoy Theatre. Her bill consisted of a one-act blank-verse tragedy of Mr. Laurence Binyon's, on the subject of "Paris and Œnone," a symbolistic little play of Mr. E. F. Benson's, showing us Death as "The Friend in the Garden," and, finally, that amusing but rather laboured travesty of his own "Candida" which Mr. Bernard Shaw describes as "How He Lied to Her Husband." The Shaw skit, acted by its original exponents, Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Gertrude Kingston, was received with whole-hearted mirth, and came as a welcome relief to the gloom of the other two pieces. Of these Mr. Binyon's tragedy seemed frigid and undramatic, lacking, indeed, both in emotional warmth and in constructive art, despite not a few fine lines; moreover, not a little of its poetic charm was spoilt by the prosaic delivery of Miss Roxy Barton, an actress of great personal beauty but of small elocutionary endowment. In Mr. Benson's play an impressive idea was somewhat spoiled by treatment which combined the sublime and the grotesque. The white-robed figure of Death coming as a friend to an unhappy man could be reckoned a poetic invention; but the practical joke which the man's lively sister was made to attempt to play on him, when she posed as Death, only to find herself anticipated, repelled the audience as being revoltingly sordid. Miss Irene Rooke was cast for the rôle of the practical joker.

EURIPIDES' "ELECTRA" AGAIN AT THE COURT.

It is so short a time since Professor Murray's splendid translation of Euripides' "Electra" was presented at a series of matinée performances that the promotion of this famous tragedy into the Court Theatre's evening bill would not call for fresh comment had not a change of cast been made in one particular which immensely strengthens an already fine interpretation. Mr. Henry Ainley, looking more like the great Kemble than ever, has now taken up the part of Orestes, and he acts this Hamlet-like character with a dignity, a virility, and a passion which, well as this accomplished young actor has acquitted himself in scores of important rôles, he has never hitherto equalled. Thanks to Mr. Ainley's faultless and yet warm-blooded declamation and his real imaginative sympathy with the emotions he has to depict, Agamemnon's son, without losing his heroic pose, becomes a creature of like feelings with ourselves; and since this Orestes is coupled with an Electra so majestic and intensely pathetic as Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison's, the scenes between brother and sister are now informed with an emotion that is overpoweringly sincere and human. The Clytæmnestra of Miss Edyth Olive, the old servant of Mr. J. H. Barnes, and the Choragus of Miss Gertrude Scott still remain outstanding features of a very beautiful and wholly worthy rendering.

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PARLIAMENT.

INTRODUCING the Army Estimates, Mr. Haldane declared himself an adherent of the Blue Water School, and deprecated further useless expenditure on inland defences and certain Colonial garrisons. In future the Government will pay their way, and not raise money by loan. The late Government laid the foundation of a General Staff, and the present Government will try to get the Army conducted on business principles. Rifle clubs, cadet corps, and Volunteers can and should be encouraged at moderate cost. The War Office intends to be a model employer, without being extravagant. An able speech met with generous treatment from both sides of the House, and the motion to go into Supply was agreed to without division.

The Government accepted a Land Tenure Reform Bill introduced by Mr. Agar-Robartes in a maiden speech of ingenuous frankness. This Bill gives an outgoing tenant power to claim compensation for adding to the agricultural value of a holding, and protects a tenant against unreasonable disturbance. Majority for the second reading, 253.

The full-dress debate on Free Trade coincided with Mr. Balfour's return to the House. Sir James Kitson, in moving the resolution, referred to the prosperity of the Midlands, and mentioned that the Protectionist champion, Sir Howard Vincent, was a director of a company that had recently declared a dividend of 22½ per cent. Mr. Balfour, who expressed surprise that the Government should waste time on a vote of censure on the Opposition, asked whether the wording of the resolution had been changed with the object of allowing Free Trade to be violated in every way but the two particular methods described. "Is the right hon. gentleman serious?" asked the Premier. Mr. Chamberlain maintained that the Prime Minister had treated Mr. Balfour most uncivilly. As Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman indicated that he did not intend to reply to Mr. Balfour's question, Mr. Chamberlain abruptly moved that the debate be adjourned. The Premier rose to explain that his remark was not uncivil, but that it was very much to the point. Mr. Balfour was like the Bourbons: he had learned nothing. He came back to the new House with the same airy graces, the same light and frivolous way of dealing with great questions. "Enough of this foolery," the Premier exclaimed. "Move your amendment and let us get to business." The Government majority on the motion to adjourn was 290.

In the House of Lords, Lord Avebury moved that the question of Sunday opening of shops demanded the attention of the Government. He accepted a suggestion made by Lord Tweedmouth, and supported by the Marquess of Lansdowne, that the whole question of Sunday trading be referred to a Joint Committee of the two Houses.

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Not more than three works may be sent in by any one artist.
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The King's Holiday. At Biarritz the King has literally pitched his tent on the terrace of the Hôtel du Palais, where a pavilion has been erected from which his Majesty enjoys the sea view. On March 10 there was a meet of the Biarritz Foxhounds in the courtyard of the hotel. In the afternoon the King went by motor to San Sebastian, and spent some time with the King of Spain. On Sunday the King attended the English service, and in the afternoon King Alfonso drove over to Biarritz to see his Majesty. After luncheon the two Kings called on the Duchess of Manchester. On the morning of March 12 the King motored to Pau, and visited the Castle of Henry IV. He spent some time on the terraces overlooking the Pyrenees, and entirely escaped recognition. On Tuesday his Majesty motored to Cambo and visited several places of interest in the Basque Country, returning to his hotel at 6.30.



Photo. Heuschkel.

THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Who has Deprived his Uncle of Power.



Photo. Heuschkel.

THE DUCHESS MARIE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Whose Husband has been Deprived of Power.



Photo. Heuschkel.

THE DUKE PAUL OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

Deprived of Power by his Nephew.

Portraits. Exercising that great power over his relatives that is one of the prerogatives of the German Sovereign, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has ordered his uncle, the Duke Paul Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and his wife, formerly Princess Marie of Windischgrätz, to submit to the guardianship of the Controller of the Royal Household. The action of the ducal censor is said to have been brought about by the extravagances of the Duke Paul, who, since the conversion to Roman Catholicism that led to his banishment from the German Army and the succession to the Grand Duchy, has spent most of his time, and apparently much of his money, travelling. The Grand Duke is twenty-four, the Duke, fifty-four.

M. Sarrien, the new French Prime Minister, is the leader of the Radical Left in the Chamber, and has been nicknamed "the Cabinet-maker." His power is considerable, and he has contrived to have a finger in every political pie. He has several times been asked to form a Cabinet, and has in every case consulted his friends, but has always declined at the last moment. This time politicians watched him eagerly to see what he would do, and speculation was rife while he pursued his friends through the corridors of the Chamber. He was in no hurry: for after his interview with M. Fallières he walked leisurely back from the Elysée, and the odds were that he would decline once more. Before he consented to take office he met his party, and a resolution was passed in favour of forming a Government that would vigorously enforce the Separation Act.



Photo. Pirou.

M. SARRIEN.

New French Prime Minister.

Canon Henry Baker Tristram, who died at Durham on March 8, was born in May 1822, at Eglingham, near Alnwick, where his father, Dr. H. B. Tristram, was Vicar. He was educated at Durham School, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1844, taking a second in the final Schools when Deans Bradley and Plumptre got their first. In 1845 he was ordained deacon, and took priest's orders in the following year, when he was licensed by the Bishop of Exeter to the curacy of Morchard Bishop. In 1847 he began to take those voyages which occupied so much of his middle life. From 1847 to 1849 he was in Bermuda as Naval and Military Chaplain of Ireland Island. He held many offices, but was chiefly famous for his travels and his accounts of them. He took a journey through the Sahara, visited Palestine several times, as well as Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, and the cities of the Seven Churches in Asia. His last journey was made in 1891, through China and Japan. He had been a Residential Canon at Durham since 1873.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE CANON TRISTRAM.

Eminent Churchman and Traveller.

Mr. James Geddes Currie, Deputy Commissary Clerk of Edinburgh, has died at the age of seventy-two. He was the most eminent legal authority on Confirmations of Executors, on which he wrote a book which is appealed to as a standard by all Scotch solicitors. Nearly every solicitor in Scotland knew him, and he had a great reputation as a lawyer. He was enthusiastically attached to the Free Church.

Mr. Waldorf Astor, the eldest son of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is engaged to be married to Mrs. Nannie Shaw. Mrs. Shaw was one of the beautiful Langhorne sisters, and is the daughter of Mr. C. D. Langhorne, formally of Richmond, Virginia. In 1903 at Charlottesville, Virginia, Mrs. Shaw obtained a divorce from her husband, Mr. Robert Gould Shaw, the Boston millionaire and polo-player. She is the sister-in-law of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson. One of her sisters is Mrs. Reginald Brooke, of New York.



Photo. Lallie Charles.

MRS. NANNIE SHAW.

Engaged to Mr. Waldorf Astor.

Mr. Haden Corser, who died on March 9 at the age of sixty, had been a Metropolitan Police Magistrate for seventeen years, sitting first at the North London Police Court, and then at Worship Street. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1870, and joined the Oxford Circuit. For some time he was President of the South Staffordshire and the East Worcestershire Coal and Ironstone Miners' Wages Board; in 1879-80 he was Deputy-Stipendiary Magistrate for Wolverhampton; and in 1888-89 he was Recorder of Wenlock. In politics he was a Conservative, and he contested Stoke-on-Trent unsuccessfully in 1885 and 1886.

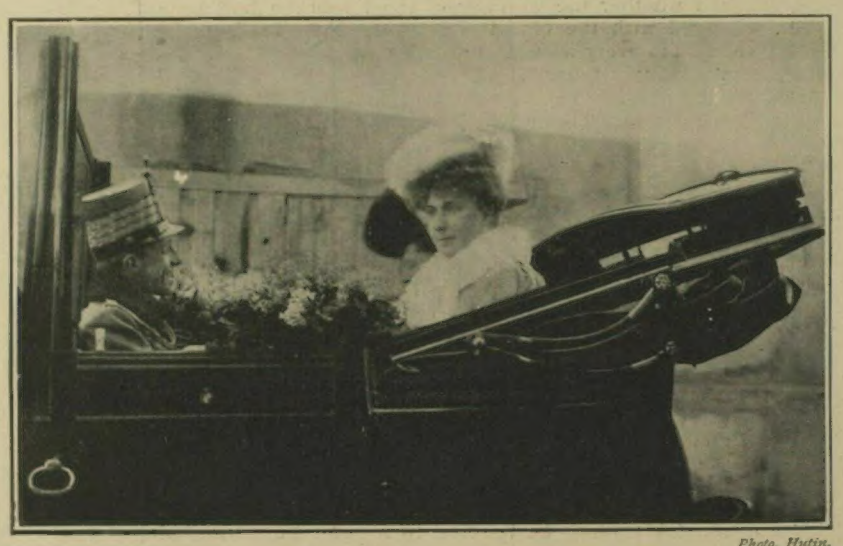


Photo. Hutin.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: KING ALFONSO AND PRINCESS ENA AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

The Spanish Marriage. Señor Moret, the Spanish Premier, in fulfilment of Article fifty-six of the Constitution, has announced to the Cortes the approaching royal marriage, and has expressed the Government's hope that the union will contribute "to the continuation of the dynasty, the maintenance of the public peace, and the greatness of the country, aspirations without which his Majesty's happiness would not be complete." This official announcement has been very well received by Deputies and the general public, and a Bill has been brought to the Cortes by the Minister of Finance to allow Princess Victoria Eugénie a sum of £18,000 a year from the day of the celebration of her marriage. The Bill also provides for an annual grant of £10,000 during her widowhood should she survive his Majesty. In connection with the approaching marriage, it is interesting to note, though unwise to comment upon, the persistent rumour that a treaty between Great Britain and Spain is in contemplation. There is no doubt that the good relations between Portugal and Great Britain have occasioned considerable unrest in Spain in times past, and that an agreement between Madrid and London would help to make a better and more permanent understanding possible between Lisbon and Madrid.

Our Military Problems. Mr. Haldane, the new Minister for War, is to be congratulated upon the skill with which he has presented the Army Estimates to the House of Commons. His well-considered address had the rare effect of pleasing the bulk of all the responsible parties in the House of Commons, and it has been hailed with general satisfaction by the services. Quite frankly the Secretary for War asked his hearers to remember that he was new to his office, and had not found the time to master all the problems that beset him there. While he declared himself properly anxious for economies, he announced that he was not prepared to take any step that might impair the efficiency of the forces he has to guard. Under ordinary circumstances, the estimates would have shown an automatic increase amounting to nearly £800,000 for the year, but by the aid of the Army Council Mr. Haldane was able to bring his estimates a little below the figure at which they stood in the last year of the Unionist Government, so that, although the reduction on paper seemed to be inconsiderable, it stood really as something more than three-quarters of a million pounds. Mr. Haldane proclaims his adherence to the theories of the Blue Water School—in other words, he realises that we must rely for the defence of these islands upon our fleet. Accepting these theories, he is able to reduce coast batteries by some three hundred guns, to withdraw certain little garrisons from distant outposts where the work they might be called upon to do is altogether inconsiderable compared with the cost of keeping them where they are to do it. The old elaborate defences of London, to which so much time, labour, and money have been sacrificed, will tend to disappear, and it is likely that many fortresses that exist primarily for the protection of the Navy will follow suit. Mr. Haldane hints about a return to seven and five years' service with the colours and the Reserve, instead of the short time that has obtained recently; and he approves the late Government's attempts to pave the way for the establishment of a General Staff. Indeed, in this connection it



THE LATE MR. J. G. CURRIE.

Deputy Commissary Clerk of Edinburgh.



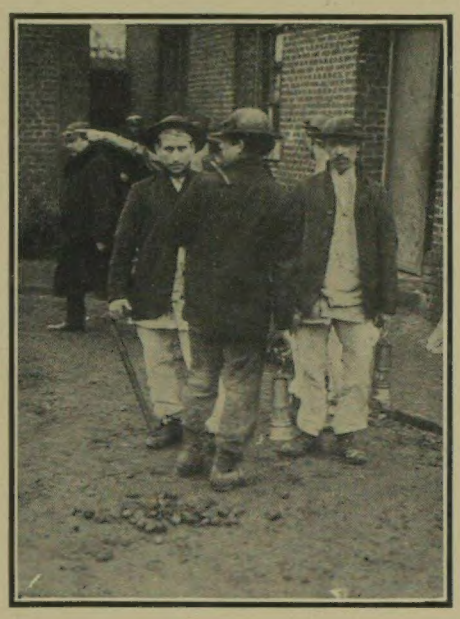
Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. HADEN CORSER.

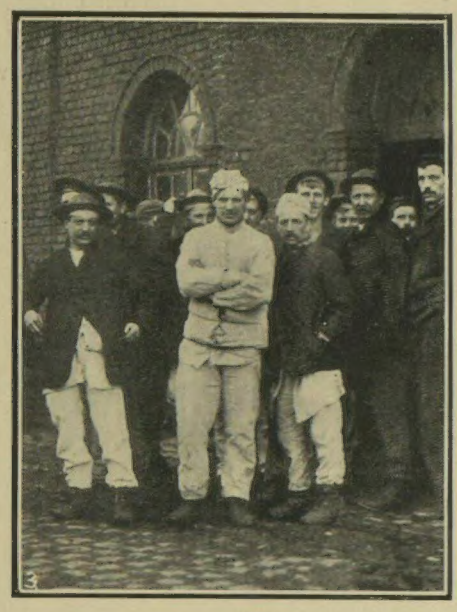
Stipendiary Magistrate, Worship Street.

DEATH'S HEAVY TOLL AT COURRIÈRES: THE COLLIERY DISASTER.

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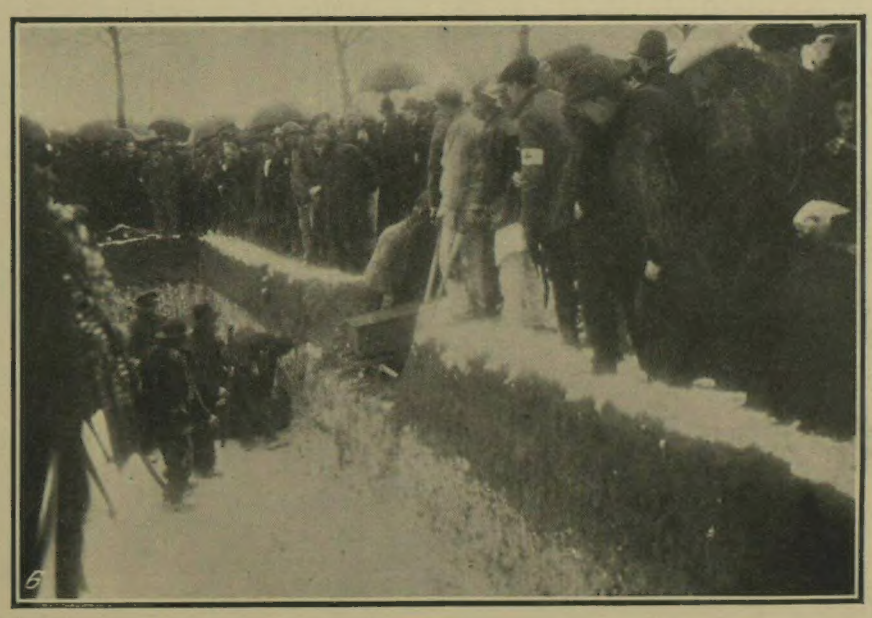












1. SOME OF THE FORTUNATE FEW: A GROUP OF SURVIVORS.
2. THE COMMON GRAVE FOR VICTIMS IN SALLAUMINES CEMETERY.
3. MINERS RETURNING FROM RESCUE-WORK: IN THE CENTRE IS BOUJIER, WHO SAVED SEVENTEEN LIVES; ON HIS LEFT THE MINERS' DELEGATE, SIMON, WHO ALSO WENT TO THE RESCUE.
4. THE LONG PROCESSION OF MOURNING: ARRIVAL OF BODIES AT SALLAUMINES.
5. ROUGH COFFINS FOR THE DEAD AT LENS.
6. LAYING THE DEAD IN THE COMMON GRAVE.

Funerals were held simultaneously on March 13 at Sallaumines, Billy-Montigny, and Noyelles, and at Méricourt there was a service intended to include all victims whose bodies may yet be recovered. The Minister of the Interior was present. The most striking incident of the disaster was the arrival of a corps of Prussian mining firemen from Westphalia, who are specially trained to rescue-work in burning pits. They brought with them a wonderful breathing-apparatus.

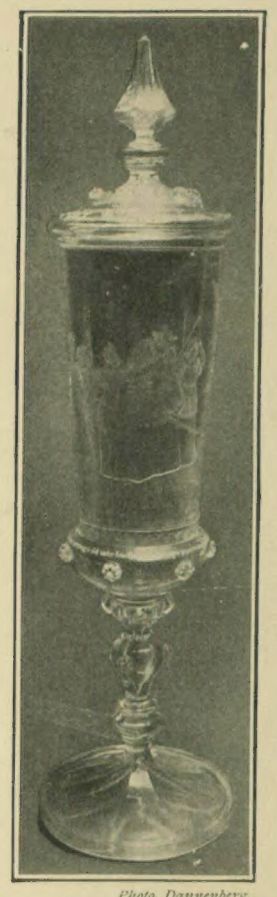


Photo. Dannenberg.

THE KAISER'S WONDERFUL CRYSTAL CUP: THE FIGURES OF THE EUROPEAN STATES.

The cup is two feet high, and is engraved with a design suggested by the Kaiser. It represents England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy guided by the Archangel Gabriel.

is fair to say that Mr. Haldane endeavours to remove the conduct of the military matters as far as is possible from the realm of party politics, and while he is not likely to show overmuch consideration for rules and regulations that have nothing more than their age to recommend them, it is clear that he will not ride roughshod over the wishes and ideals of the Service.

The New French Ministry.

The fall of the French Government in connection with the Church Inventory trouble occurred at an unfortunate hour; but the new Ministry is a strong one, and seems likely to preserve in home and foreign politics the continuity that is always a sign of strength. M. Sarrien, who takes the portfolio of Premier and Minister of Justice, will be assisted at the Quai d'Orsay by M. Leon Bourgeois, who will follow the Government's policy in its entirety as far as Morocco is concerned. The Ministers of War and Marine in the Rouvier Cabinet retain their portfolios under M. Sarrien, and two other notable Parliamentarians attain Cabinet office for the first time. M. Clémenceau goes, in the sixty-fifth year of his life and the thirtieth of his political activities, to the Ministry of the Interior, and no man in the Government of France is more likely to appeal to the public imagination than this fiery Radical patriot, who in his Opposition days was a terror to the whole of the Ministerial Front Bench. He is essentially one of those able, uncompromising statesmen who thrive in France by reason of the close connection between Press and Government, and he made his name by his fierce and successful opposition to Boulanger in times past and to the foes of Dreyfus in more recent years, while in the past few months he has expressed the French view, as opposed to the German, in Morocco with an eloquence and conviction that have done much to strengthen Frenchmen in their attitude of unyielding opposition to German intrigue. M. Briand, the new Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, is one of the most brilliant of the French Socialists, and is said to be a bitter but fair-minded opponent of Clericalism. He is the author of the Separation Law. Fairly considered, the new Government is one that may well inspire confidence at home and abroad, and may be trusted to grapple firmly with the many difficulties that lie before it.

Egyptian Treasure-Trove.

(See Supplement.)

The extraordinary discoveries in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt form the subject of our Supplement to this week's issue. The excavations were undertaken for the Cairo Museum, and the explorers had the good fortune to unearth perhaps the richest treasure that has ever delighted the archæologist. The tomb furniture is chiefly remarkable for its exquisite workmanship and for the strange likeness that it bears to modern works of art. It is also a unique revelation of the household equipment of the Pharaohs, for in several instances the actual belongings of the living were devoted to the service of the dead, and these have come to light, fresh and uninjured, after a repose of more than three thousand years. The treasure-trove is exhaustively described and illustrated.

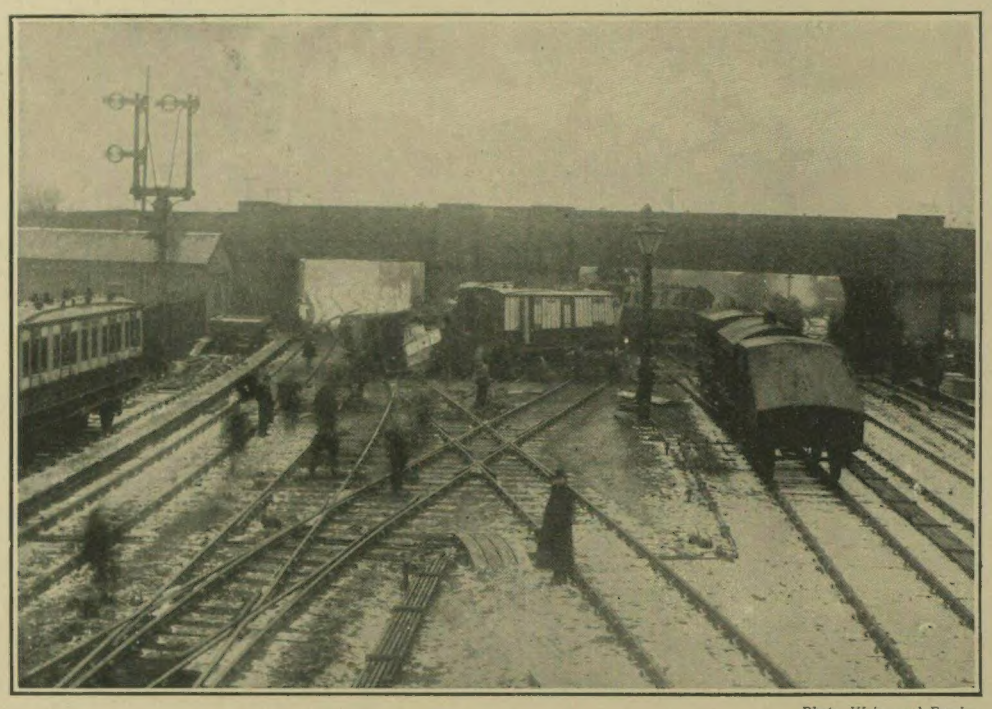


Photo. Weiss and Fowke.

THE RAILWAY SMASH AT STAFFORD

The London and North Western express train which left Euston for Liverpool at midnight on Sunday was partially derailed in the station at Stafford. One carriage dashed into a bridge and was wrecked, and four passengers were injured.

A Frog's Nest from Uganda.

The last number of the *Field* contains a note by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., to the effect that whilst recently in the Bugomo forest, east of Lake Albert, Dr. C. Christy made the interesting find of a frog's nest, of which he took a photograph, which we have been permitted to reproduce. This nest, four inches long, consisted of spittle-like froth, hardened on the outside, and thus surrounded by a dry pellicle was attached to the back of some leaves hanging eighteen inches over a small stream; it contained a wriggling mass of tiny tadpoles about one third of an inch in length. The nest collapsed, when placed in spirit, but the numerous little tadpoles, still provided with a large yolk-sac, could be preserved, and have been presented by Dr. Christy to the Natural History Museum. What kind of frog makes this nest could not be ascertained, but the fact that a tree-frog of the genus *Chiromantis*, *C. xerampelina*, inhabits Uganda, and that an allied species, *C. rufescens*, has been observed in West Africa to protect its eggs and young tadpoles in like manner, renders it highly probable, in Mr. Boulenger's opinion, that *Chiromantis xerampelina* is the frog of which the nest is now represented. The nest of *Chiromantis rufescens* is known from a note and figure published by Buchholz in 1876. This observer, when collecting in the Cameroon Mountains, noticed some large snow-white froth-like masses fixed to the leaves of a low tree hanging over a pool, and on examination these masses proved to contain freshly hatched frog-larvæ and eggs, which were later identified as those of the above-named tree-frog. He succeeded in rearing the larvæ, which developed a powerful tail, external gills, etc., as in the common frog. The froth-like surrounding does not afford protection or nourishment, as he suggests, for more than three or four days to the larvæ, which then drop into the water, perhaps with the assistance of rain. The nest, sometimes placed at a height of 10 ft. above the water, is frequently attached to several leaves stuck together. Similar nests are made in India and Japan by species of *Rhacophorus*, and in South America by *Phyllomedusa*. That of the latter, first described by Dr. von Ihering in 1886, is smaller, two inches long, and two-thirds of an inch wide, and the eggs are wrapped up and concealed between two or three leaves.

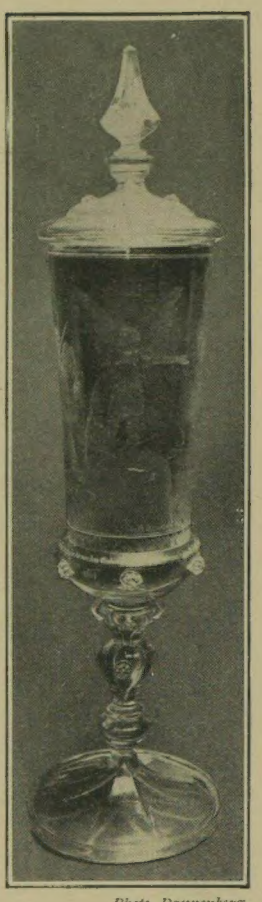


Photo. Dannenberg.

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL ON THE KAISER'S CRYSTAL CUP.

Gabriel stands on a rock with a fiery sword in his hand. The cup was engraved by Franz and Johannes Fischer, father and son, who spent 7500 hours, or nearly five years, upon the work.



Photo. Grantham Bain.

AN AUTOMATIC COIN-WEIGHER AND ITS ATTENDANT AT WORK.

The machine is represented as it is in use at the United States Mint. The coins are fed into it edgeways at the top, and come out beneath in small parcels, neatly tied up in paper. Each parcel holds a uniform amount.



A NEW KHAKI UNIFORM FOR FRENCH INFANTRY.

The tunic of the new uniform is cut with extremely full skirts, which can be caught up with a button at the sides to leave the man unimpeded during marching. The kepi is also of khaki.

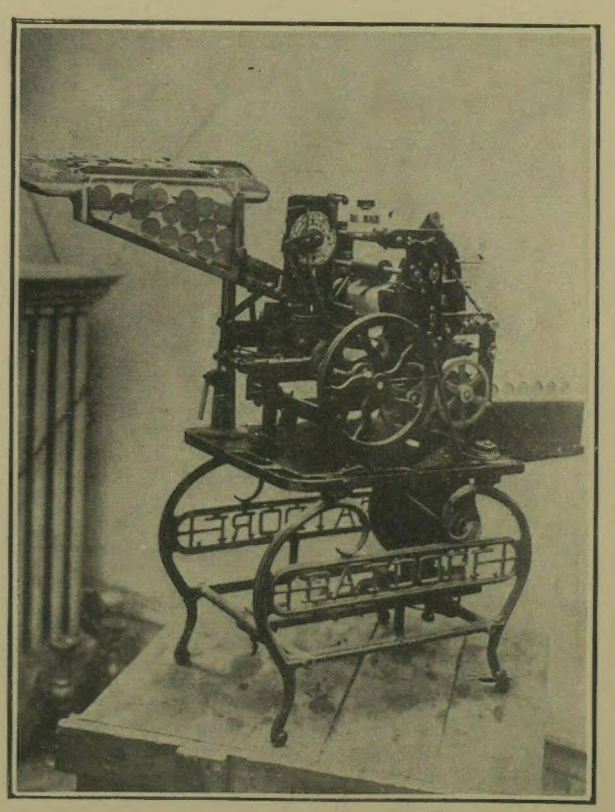


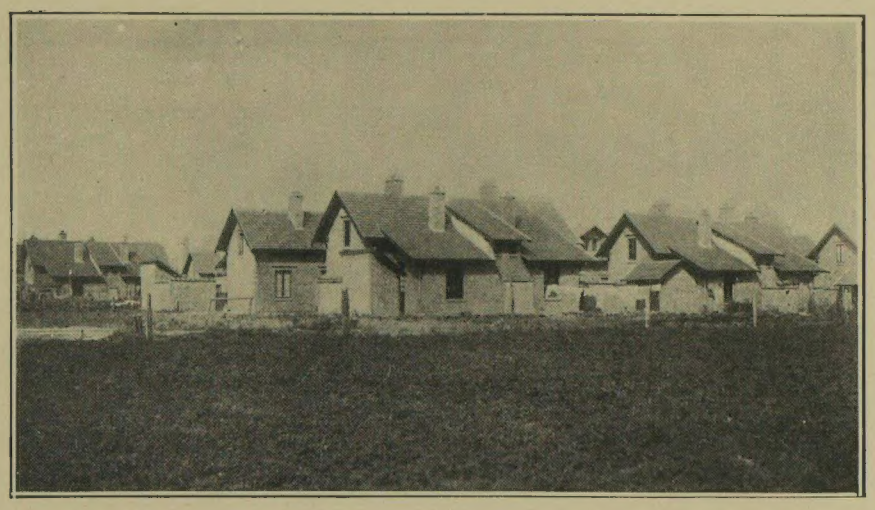
Photo. Grantham Bain.

THE MACHINE FOR WEIGHING, COUNTING, AND REJECTING COINS.

The machine, which can be worked by one person, receives the coins fresh from the Mint, and automatically weighs, counts, and packs the good ones, and rejects the bad, casting them out by a separate slide.

THE GREATEST COLLIERY DISASTER ON RECORD: THE FRENCH TRAGEDY.

SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, ONE BY ROL.



FRENCH MINERS' HOUSES AT LES COURRIÈRES, PAS DE CALAIS.



A GROUP OF FRENCH MINERS' HOUSES.



REMOVING THE BODIES OF VICTIMS.



VICTIMS REMOVED TO THE MORTUARY.



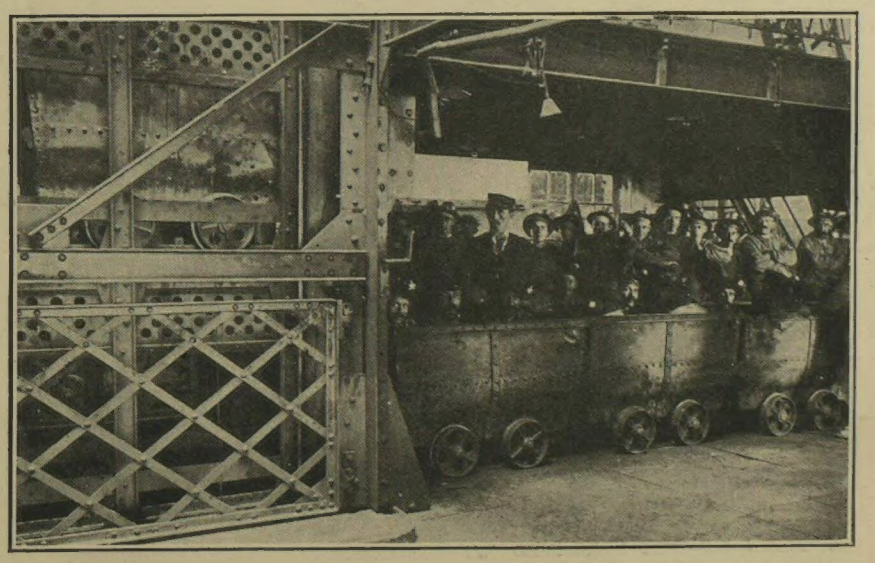
RESCUE-WORK: ENGINEERS PREPARING THE BREATHING APPARATUS.



SURVIVORS PREPARING TO DESCEND TO THE RESCUE.



ANXIETY AT THE PIT-HEAD: THE CROWD WAITING NEWS.



MINERS DESCENDING TO HELP IN THE WORK OF RESCUE.

On March 10 the most terrible colliery explosion on record took place at the Courrières Mines in the Pas de Calais. The cause of the explosion is believed to have been gas created by a fire that had smouldered for several weeks in one of the galleries, for the mine was free of fire-damp. At least 1150 miners lost their lives.

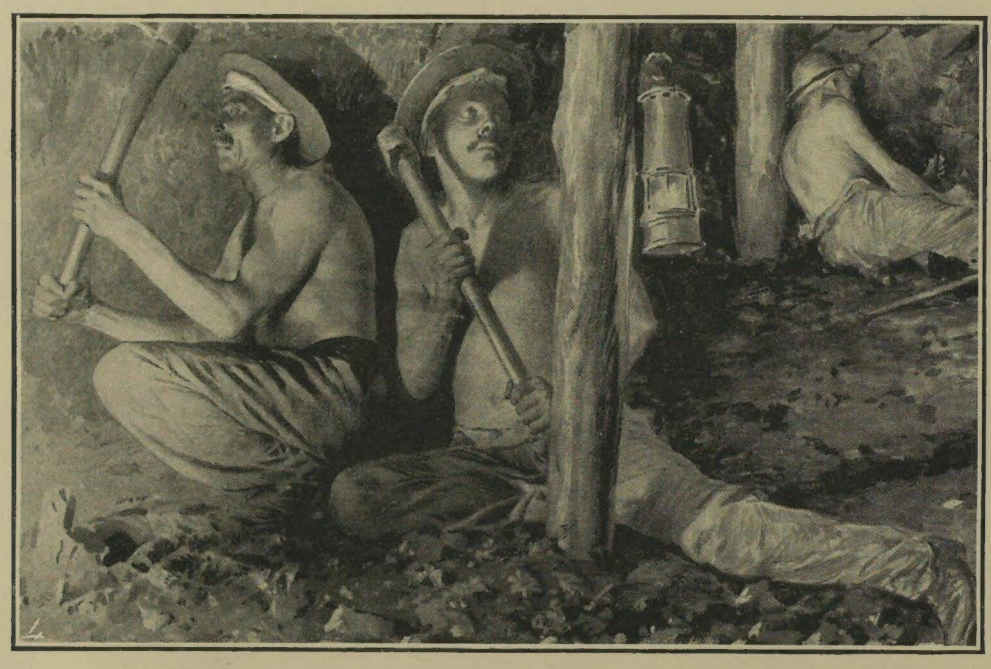
VICTIMS OF THE FRENCH COLLIERY DISASTER: HOMES DESOLATE.

DRAWINGS BY L. SABATTIER.













1. SNATCHING A MEAL IN THE MINE WORKINGS.

2. THE SHIFT COMING OFF WORK: MINERS WAITING TO REASCEND THE SHAFT.

3. THE PAINFUL PASSAGE OF A NARROW GALLERY.

4. THE FRENCH COAL-MINER AT WORK.

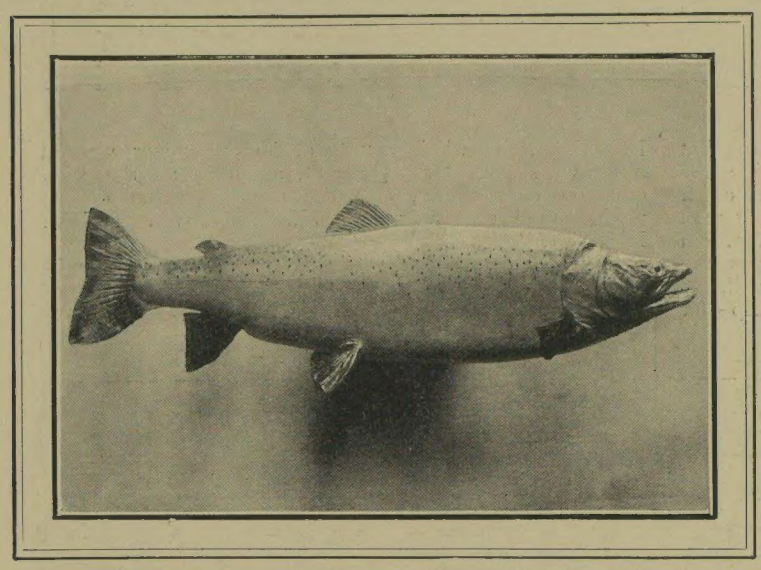
5. TYPES OF THE BEREAVED WIVES: COFFEE AT A NEIGHBOUR'S.

6. A TYPICAL FRENCH MINER'S HOME: THE FAMILY MEAL.

The household scenes are realistic representations of the type of hundreds of homes in the Pas de Calais now desolate by the loss of husbands, fathers, and sons. The mine workings show the underground rat-traps in which death overtook the unfortunate miners. To some of the families not a man has been left. In many cottages there are only weeping women, and in certain cases the family mourns no less than five dead. Rows of cottages to which not a man had returned were noted by correspondents. One survivor has lost three brothers, five brothers-in-law, and four nephews. Another has lost four sons and a son-in-law. The Chamber has voted £20,000 for the relief of widows and orphans, provincial towns are following suit, and an English fund has been started.

HUCHEN IN THE THAMES: SALMON THAT DO NOT SEEK THE SEA.

THE fact that the Thames Salmon Association placed some hundreds of healthy young huchen (*salmo hucho*) into the Thames last year is regarded with mixed feelings by many Thames anglers, and a few particulars about the fish and the character it bears in its native country may be of interest. For the Illustrations accompanying these notes, with the exception of the Fly-Fishers' Club specimen by Mr. Boulton, I am indebted to my friend Dr. Karl Heintz, of Munich—a first-class angler, and author of "Angelsport im Süsswasser" (Angling in Fresh Water, published by R. Oldenbourg, of Munich and Berlin), one of the best books on the subject ever written. The Doctor devotes some months every autumn and winter to huchen-fishing, and has killed large numbers of all sizes up to 40 lb. and over, including one of 20 lb. taken after a great fight on a light trout-rod when fly-fishing for grayling. Up to 5 lb. or so huchen can be taken with a small salmon or sea-trout fly; above that weight, with the spinning-bait or live-bait, as used in pike and salmon fishing.

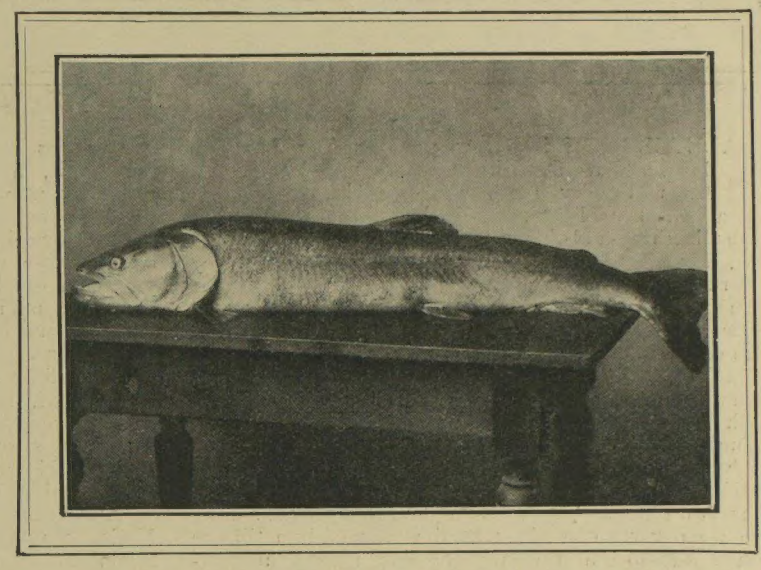


A 40-LB. HUCHEN AT THE FLY FISHERS' CLUB.

The huchen is found in Europe only in the Danube and its numerous tributaries, such as the Lech, Inn, Iller, and Isar, made famous by Campbell in his poem on the battle of Hohenlinden. A rock-strewn torrent rolling rapidly is what the huchen loves.

The general shape of the fish is long, and nearly round. The head and back are grey-green or brownish, the belly is silver-white, whilst on the sides both tints melt into one another, although at times, especially at the spawning season, the sides show brilliant changing coppery-red tints. The fact that the huchen spawns in the spring from March to May—preferably early in April—is rather awkward, as it will be spawning when the Thames trouting season commences, and be in best condition in the autumn and winter when the trout is out of season; but "one swallow does not make a summer," and it is questionable whether a few hundred small huchen will stock the Thames. If the fish is to have a fair chance to do so, all caught under two feet in length—say from four to five pounds in weight—will have to be returned to the river, as Dr. Heintz says it does not spawn until of that size; indeed, in the bigger rivers not until it is from six to seven pounds in weight. It ascends the smaller streams and waters near the main rivers to spawn, and does not go down to the Black Sea, as some have supposed, after spawning. Thus in the Thames the huchen would avoid death in the poisonous Blackwall Reach.

As regards the huchen's character, Dr. Heintz says he is, with the exception of the Wels (which has been known to swallow a child), the most rapacious of all fresh-water fish (*der grösste Raubfisch des Süsswassers*). He grows very quickly and attains an enormous weight. Fish from thirty to forty pounds are not uncommon: the biggest huchen killed of late years was one of 104 pounds caught at Tulln, near Vienna. Dr. Heintz considers it a game fish of the first rank.



A 50-LB. HUCHEN FROM THE ILLER, BAVARIA.

In the Danube and its fine tributaries the huchen is found in rough, rocky, rushing parts of the stream; in fact, in just such places as the salmon-angler fishes on the Tay or Dee for spring salmon. In the Thames it will doubtless haunt the weir-pools, and hunt with the big trout, if the trout and the pike give him a chance to get big enough to do so.

Among the Illustrations are two of a 50-lb. huchen from the Iller: in sending me the photographs Dr. Heintz tells me the monster was netted in some private water belonging to Mr. Schwan, another well-known enthusiast for huchen-fishing, who is obliged to kill down the big fellows occasionally. Three others between 40 lb. and 50 lb. were taken at the same time. The Doctor points out that the photographs are not quite fair to the fish inasmuch as it was kept alive in confinement and without food for eight days before they were taken. "But," he adds, "you will see what jaws the fellow has."

The Fly-Fishers' Club has two preserved specimens of the huchen in its collection of fish. That of which, by permission of the Club, a picture is given, was presented by Mr. W. H. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough); it is much the handsomest specimen I have seen—in fact, all others in this country have more the appearance of the long, hungry-looking, Kelt-like 50-pounder shown in the other Illustrations.

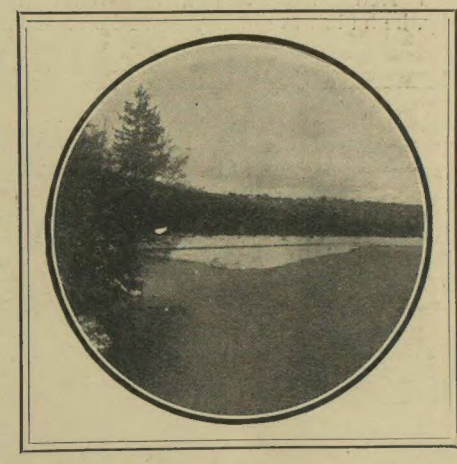
R. B. MARSTON.



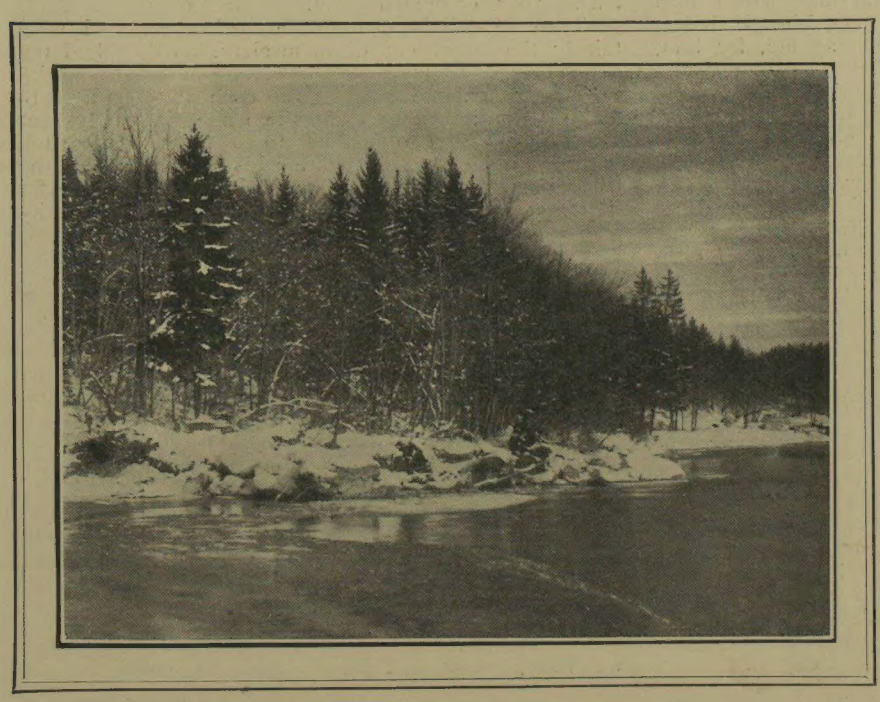
A TYPICAL SPOT FOR HUCHEN ON THE ISAR, ABOVE MUNICH.



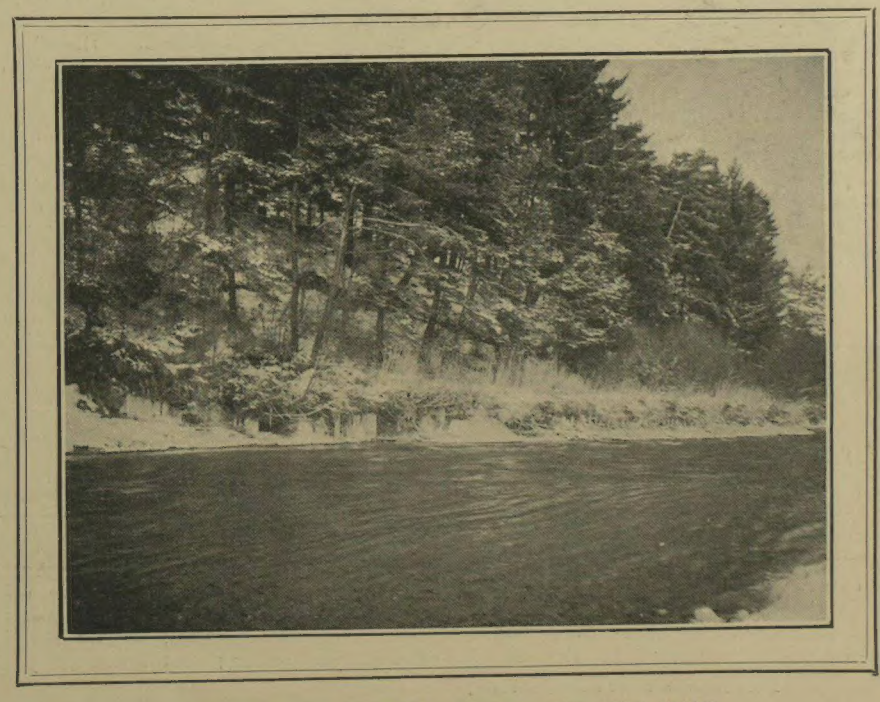
THE "ROBBER" FACE OF THE HUCHEN: A 50-LB. FISH FROM THE ILLER.



A HAUNT OF HUCHEN ON THE ISAR WHERE A 44-POUNDER WAS KILLED



ANOTHER SPOT ON THE ISAR WHERE A 44-POUNDER WAS KILLED.



WATERS THE HUCHEN LOVES: ON THE ILLER.

THE FEAT OF ATTORNEY PHIL.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS. ☘ Illustrated by L. DAVIEL.

BALLYCLOUGHMORE was a Borough in them days, and as flourishing a Borough—at election times—as e'er another in the County Tyrone. And, at this time I talk of, old Jack Grimes, who had sat for it three-and-thirty years, by the power of his purse, was after leaving the way for younger blood—by good reason that he kicked the bucket.

There was sorra much difference, indeed, between the two men running for it now. Six of one, half-a-dozen of the other, they were. Myself cast my lot with M'Cracken, and wrought for him all I was worth, on account he was a local man; and by reason, moreover, that he greased my fist well for the business.

The opposition candidate was the name of M'Polin, and had a fine supply of money and means, and a plentiful scarcity of brains—so far as we knew of him. So far as we knew—but that same knowledge was small; since we never got a gleek at the phiz of him till the election was lost and won. He was a something-or-other in the back parlour of Dublin Castle, or, as like as not, a pot-wrastler in the scullery; one of these do-little, good-for-nothing divils who are fed and filled and have their purses well lined at the cost of the country; who do nothing for their money all day, and over their port at night, curse the country that has the misfortune to keep them.

So, though I couldn't see much good would come from M'Cracken carrying the day, still I calculated that I couldn't be far astray in spoking his wheel for him—on the same principle that Granny M'Cormick put the poultice to wee Johnny's toe to cure the pain in his stomach—if it didn't do any good, sure it would do no harm, anyhow. Moreover, it well warms a man's blood at times, a bit of a ruction, no matter whether he's on the right side or the wrong. And a purty hot ruction I foresaw this same was going to be. For, though Ned M'Cracken was a purty popular man locally, he hadn't the money of M'Polin—couldn't count silver to his gold—and in them days, as in these days, it was money made the mare go. And in them days, likewise, it made her lift her heels faster.



"Who killed William John M'Cance?"

At the outset it looked as if 'twas going to be a pretty fair and square stand-up fight in Ballycloughmore, and for the first couple of weeks business went on both sides like moor afire; and the heart of every man was high, and the blood lively.

But M'Polin's big purse soon begun to tell. The hard-headed Scotchman in the North of Ireland can see as far through a millstone as the man that picked it, and he knows well on which side his bread's buttered. Ballycloughmore was as Scotch a town as was in the County Tyrone, and the big men of influence in it very soon discovered that M'Polin had a purse with no bottom to it, and that 'twas the part of a good patriot to work for him with a will.

Every man that had a personal friendship for M'Cracken of course stood by M'Cracken, as well as every man that loved a fight for the fight's sake; and, over and above that, it was thought that, like meself, every other Papist in the borough would go strong for him, inasmuch as they considered him an honest man, and a free and frank one.

And that was the size of what M'Cracken had to set in the scales again' M'Polin's money. But we very soon saw that it was very far from balancing it, let alone weighing it down; and every morning the sun broke on us it looked more and more like a lost game. So sure, too, was M'Polin of the power of his purse that he either didn't bother, or couldn't afford to come upon the ground himself. There wasn't a man in the constituency, nor even an agent or worker of his own, that could bid him "Good morrow, M'Polin," if they met him in their stirabout of a morning; for the sorra one of them had ever rested eyes on him in all their born days; and the chances are that M'Polin himself wouldn't know Ballycloughmore from a bull's foot if he met it on the map. He wanted a seat in Parliament, and had the money to pay for it, and it was small matter to him who the electors were, or what they were, or what the devil they wanted, so long as they consented, in exchange for good money, to tack "M.P." to his tail.

That was him, and that was his notion, and it's as like as not he couldn't understand what the sorra reason they had for wishing to see the outside of his phiz, when, every morning they rose, he let them see what was ten times better—that is, the inside of his purse.

Well, ye have often heard tell that in love, war, and a Ballycloughmore election all means is fair—outside putting drugs in the punch—and it was small shame for us, when we were cornered, to try to make what capital we could out of his not coming. So we spent both time and honest money among the free and independent electors, circulating the fact that M'Polin was not one bit sound upon the big questions of the day, more especially on the question of all questions, "Who killed William John M'Cance?"; and that this was the reason why he feared to come, himself, before the electors, or his agents, for him, feared to let him.

I should tell you that William John M'Cance was a Blood-and-Thunder, Death-or-Glory Orangeman, and Grand Master of the local lodge; and of a morning after the Twelfth of July, five years before, he had been picked up on the roadside, halfways between the Orange lodge and his own house, with a dinge in his skull, the size of a thrush's nest, and he as dead as Donal O'Doherty's cow when she was in the barrel, salted. And, while the Orangemen of the countryside raised a tremendous furore, and demanded the blood of every Papist from the River Boyne to Horn Head; these, in their turn, pointed out that they should look among themselves for the man who did the damage, inasmuch as William John, with five other companions, had left the Orange Lodge together two hours after midnight, every man of them as full as the Baltic, and guzzling one another, as loyal comrades will, on a festive and friendly occasion. And then, though the Orangemen, in spite of creditable efforts, could never fetch the crime home to a Papist to the satisfaction of a fairly willing jury, no one dared to bring it home to themselves; so that for five years, from that day till the day I speak of, the whole county of Tyrone never wanted a brave reason for argument, as long as the grea question of the day, and the great question of the world, stood unanswered: "Who killed William John M'Cance?"

It was a grand idea, entirely, for us when we thought to get the constituency—for four out of five parts of them were good loyal Orangemen—to doubt M'Polin's orthodoxy on the question of William John; and we backed it up, too, by making out that he was just as unorthodox on every other question affecting Ballycloughmore. And we gave M'Polin's men a fright, I tell you, for nine out of every ten voters that they thought they had safely in line begun immediately to clamour why, if M'Polin was sound on these things that he told them he was sound upon, why he didn't come and face the music himself—meet them face to face and say his say without fear, favour, or compunction.



The scene that come after it would take an abler man nor me to tell.

Then M'Polin's men got a bad time, and were taking the sweat out of themselves, as they had not done before, arguing and scolding and ballyraggin' their followers, and rattling the cash at their lugs to make them amenable. At the same time they sent word, post-haste, to Dublin to M'Polin for to tell him that if he wouldn't change his mind, come on the ground and speak up for himself, it was impossible for them to hold the voters. They had a sure majority and a big one for him presently; but they didn't know how many more days, or how many more hours, they could keep them; for these rascally rumours that got got out were doing havoc with the faith of the free and independent electors of Ballycloughmore; and, as sure as there was powder in Derry, there would be such a cave-in as would surprise him, and leave him on the rocks, high and dry, if he didn't comply with their reasonable request.

By way of reply M'Polin he sent them a big draft and a notice that he was at Daith's door with gout in his foot, and half-a-dozen other complications in various corners of him; that it would be as much as his life was worth to attempt to coach it there from Dublin; that they were to put him in, if at all possible, without his presence, and he would see to it that every man jack of them was dacintly rewarded.

Our plans were working to surprise ourselves, and our hearts were going up like skylarks; and when we heard that M'Polin refused to come to the

[Continued overleaf.

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A ROYAL AMBUSH: THE PRINCE TIGER-SHOOTING FROM A "MACHAN."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



A TIGER AND A LEOPARD FALL TO THE PRINCE'S RIFLE NEAR HYDERABAD.

At the Nikonda shooting-camp, near Hyderabad, the Prince shot from a "machan," or platform in a tree. With him was Colonel the Nawab Afzur Ulmulk, one of the Nizam's officers, and a great sportsman. The Prince killed a leopard at the first shot, and a minute afterwards a tiger charged through the jungle. This his Royal Highness killed with a bullet through the shoulder. The dead leopard can be seen just beyond the tiger.

ground, we danced for delight at the prospect of a walk-over.

His men were grateful for the draft and accepted it; but sent him back an immediate message that things were now ten times worse, and that, live or die, he must come, or else give the election to M'Cracken.

And when M'Polin heard this, he wrote that, alive or dead, he'd be there; that he was tying himself together, and would take the coach the very next morning, arriving in Ballycloughmore at a late moment, sure enough, but still in good time to reassure electors—namely, at ten o'clock on the night afore the election.

Then our hearts went down to our boots, and M'Polin's men were themselves again, and they were out on the streets haranguing the people and letting them know that, at very great personal inconvenience to himself and at remarkable sacrifice, Mr. M'Polin would turn up at the last meeting in Ballycloughmore and speak for himself, and convince them that he was as sound and staunch as a new tub upon all the national questions, but more particularly upon that of who killed William John M'Cance. They confidently asked the voters to suspend judgment till he would come and speak for himself; and they sowed some more silver up and down the town, and the voters right willingly gave their consent.

Upon this, Ned M'Cracken he called a meeting of his own Committee, and a down-in-the-mouth man he was. And he said, when he opened the meeting, "Boys, I think we must acknowledge that it's all up with M'Cracken—Unless," says he, then, "there's a jaynius among ye who can put us on a new plan."

There was two minutes' silence, every man looking glum at his neighbour. I looked round the table myself, and when I saw no man willing to speak, I jumped to my own feet, and says I, "I may be a jaynius, or I may be an idiot; but it matters little: I can give yous a new plan, anyhow."

"What's that?" says every man, and they jumping where they stood.

"It's something," says I, "that's in my own head, and that I intend will remain there until I have decided it. I want a fast-trotting horse and a day's leave from my work.'

"You can have six gallopin' horses and six days' leave," says poor M'Cracken, says he, "if they do you or me any good."

"One of both is sufficient," says I. And almost in as quick time as I tell it, they had at the door, saddled and bridled, the fastest trotter in Charlie Hemphill's stables, and I had pitched myself into the saddle, and was off, and never drew rein from then, which was twelve o'clock in the morning, till nine o'clock the same evening, when I pulled up at Phil Rogan's hall-door in Lifford. Phil Rogan, yous have, every mother's son, heard of; the cleverest and ablest lawyer, and most ingenious man of them days in the North of Ireland; and the man who, through thick and thin, stood up for right and justice, and for Ireland, and his own side—which was the Papists.

In short time I was in an arm-chair by his parlour fire, and setting my case before him.

"And now, Phil Rogan," says I, "if the divil himself can see a way of defeating M'Polin, I know you can do it."

"Thank you," says Phil, says he, dryly. "So far, says he, "as I can see, there isn't knots of straws of difference between the two lads that yous are running. It's a case of one being bad, and the other a d —d sight worse."

"Well, anyhow," says I, "M'Cracken was reared, as I may say, at the fireside with us; and the other man we never heard tell of till six weeks ago."

"Humph!" says Phil, says he. "It's a case of the divil you know being a better divil than the divil you don't."

"Very well," says I, "let us put it that way."

"And my work is required for the divil you know?"

"And," says I, "a substantial fee."

"And a substantial fee," says Phil, says he.

Then he fell into a brown study for fifteen minutes, and at the end of that time says he—"The lad from Dublin is due to arrive in Ballycloughmore at ten o'clock the night afore the election."

"Right," says I.

"Which," says Phil, says he, "will be Wednesday night, and this is now Monday night."

"Right," says I.

"I wonder," says he, in another minute—"I wonder if any of the Ballycloughmore Orangemen could, by any possibility, know me by sight?"

It was a part of the country where, by reason of his politics, Phil wouldn't be touched with a pair of tongs, and where he wouldn't be employed if the hiring of him was to save their souls.

Says I—"I don't believe there's a man, woman, or child among the Orangemen of Ballycloughmore that would know your face from Adam's." Says I, "Have you got hold of a plan?"

Says he, "Maybe." For Phil was a cautious lad, ever.

"In the meantime," says he, "you better get a pick of supper and take to your bed, for it's tired you must be, and you'll need to be afoot betimes in the morning; we've a journey ahead of us."

I axed no further questions; for there was no good questioning Phil. But in the morning after breakfast he ordered me to get saddled, "For we must make the best of our way to Aughnacloy."

Now this Aughnacloy was close upon fifteen good Irish miles from Ballycloughmore, and on the high road to Dublin, and it was through it M'Polin would have to pass in his coach going down to the election.

And Phil, when he got there, found that Billy Murdock, of the head inns, was engaged to send a coach next morning, twenty miles, to meet M'Polin, and fetch him into Aughnacloy, and, giving him a change of horses there, bang him through to Ballycloughmore, where he'd be due that night. He then found that the lad who was to drive him was a one-eyed fellow by the name of Billy Halpin, better known as Billy Ciotach, by reason he did everything with his left hand. Half-a-sovereign and a drink fixed Billy, and made him as secure as the Bank of Ireland.

"It's a mighty handy thing, isn't it, to lose a linch-pin on that road?" Phil Rogan suggested.

And Billy, wiping his mouth after having a drink, said it was the handiest thing under the sun.

"Very well an' good," says Phil, says he, "you're to have a neat little bre'kdown half ways on your journey, and such delay in getting it fixed again, as M'Polin won't get into Aughnacloy until it's too far gone in the night for him to continue."

"I'll give you my head upon that," says Billy.

As good as his word he was; contriving the neatest imaginable accidental bre'k-down ten miles from Aughnacloy, that it took a blacksmith and a carpenter three solid hours to repair again. Three solid hours during which M'Polin got leave to cool his heels on the roadside; and when, close upon the borders of midnight, Billy rolled him into Aughnacloy, both cold and hungry, and out of temper, he thanked the Lord to be able to get a roof to cover him for the night; and he ordered breakfast for five in the morning; for he was bent on being with the voters of Ballycloughmore in good time.

But, lo and behold ye! when five o'clock in the morning come, and M'Polin had tucked in a sizable breakfast, proportionate to a man of his girth, and then ordered the butler to get out a coach, with the fastest four horses in his stables, the poor butler had to inform him, "Sir, it's impossible; there's not a man owns the sight of a horse, or the shape of a car or coach in the town of Aughnacloy, that was not wakened out of his bed in the middle of the night, last night, with a sudden order to send every hoof he possessed, and every wheel, as fast as the divil could carry them to Lord Drimark's place, twenty mile away, to draw the tenantry to the funeral of the Lord's lady. Instead of a coach and four horses," says the butler, says he, "I couldn't rise for you a jackass and a turf-barrow, for there's neither animal nor vehicle, of high or low degree, left within the bounds of Aughnacloy. The curiousest thing of the whole lot is there was not a soul of us heard tell of the death or burial till the sudden order come, by a breathless messenger, in the dead of the night. And, the man who would refuse Lord Drimark, myself would not give tuppence of bad ha'pence for his shoes in the morning."

Small wonder the poor butler had not heard of either the death or burial before. And he didn't hear of it again, till the Lord's lady did die outright, for good and all, five-and-twenty years after; but every horse, and every driver, in Aughnacloy, got a twenty miles airing, and an appetite for his breakfast that March morning, all the same. And there was bad blood and high words in Aughnacloy by that same evening, when, in ones and twos, the blind funeral returned; for, from that day to this, it got no other name than the blind funeral.

However, that's nothing to my story.

While poor M'Polin was tearing his hair in Murdock's head inns in Aughnacloy, and sinking and seizing his landlord high up and low down, Billy Ciotach, in charge of a coach-and-four, was trundling Phil Rogan as fast as fury on the road to Ballycloughmore. Afore they got near the Borough they met M'Polin's men, far out the roads, on the watch for the coach; for the sorra one of his agents could sleep all night for the nervousness, when they found he had not turned up.

"Three cheers," says Billy Ciotach, says he, rising on his seat, as soon as he got in sight of them, and, waving his hat on top of his whip-stick, "Three cheers," says he, "for Mr. M'Polin, the member for Ballycloughmore!"

And M'Polin's men cheered from the bottom of their hearts, for it's relieved they were when they found they had got him amongst them.

And my brave Phil—he was a stout, sonsy lump of a *podach*, such as you might expect M'Polin to be—my brave Phil, he leans out of the coach, smiles from ear to ear, waves his hat to them and hurrahs, and then dashes on into the town, with the crowds galloping all round the coach, and cheering and screeching for Mr. M'Polin till the windows of the town rattled. The coach it was drawn up at the White Hart Inn, where M'Polin's agents had their headquarters, and Phil, when he got out of it, had not a minute to lose, and only just come in the nick of time to save his skin—had not time to draw his breath till a deputation, representing the men who were wishful to support him, asked for public audience of him, and mounted him upon a cart where he could be asked his questions, and could give his answers in the hearing of all. And mighty big, and mighty noisy, was the crowd that surrounded.

"In the first place, Mr. M'Polin," says the spokesman of the party, says he, when the lungs of the crowd had given out, "I beg to inform you that you have got three-fourths of all the free and independent electors of this ancient and honourable Borough of Ballycloughmore, and four-fourths of all the honest men within it, to support you, and return you as their fit and proper representative to the House of Parliament—provided only," says he, "that you answer, to our satisfaction, these few questions that I am now going to put you."

"Which," says Phil, says he, "I hope to do—according to my conscience."

"According to your conscience, yes," says the spokesman, says he, and the crowd thundered again. "Very well and good," says the spokesman, says he. "In the first place we want to know—according to your conscience—what is your opinion upon party processions in the North of Ireland, and what legislation do you propose to introduce on the matter?"

And then the crowd cocked every ear it had to listen for his answer to this.

"Well," says Phil, says he, "replying candidly to that, and according to my conscience, my opinion arrived at, after due deliberation, and full consideration of all the facts, and giving due justice to all sides—my opinion, I repeat, is that the great procession of the Twelfth of July, in celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, and victory over Pope, Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes, is a just, lawful, righteous, and highly commendable demonstration, worthy of the support of all patriots, no matter what their opinion; and that, on the other hand, the Patrick's Day march is unnecessary and useless—not to say criminal—inasmuch as its chief errand and object is to provoke the sleeping passions of just and right-thinking men. And, in accordance with this, I would propose to introduce into Parliament a Bill to abolish Patrick's Day, and render all party processions on that day illegal, unlawful, and in contravention of the constitution of this realm."

And when the crowd heard this, the roar that they raised might be heard from Lough Erne to the Bann shore.

"So far so good," says the spokesman, says he, well satisfied, when he had got silence again. "The second question is, in case we return you to the House of Parliament as our fit and proper representative, what proportion—according to your conscience and to ancient usuage—are you prepared to subscribe towards the annual bun-worries held each year in connection with the various Orange Lodges, Sunday schools, and teetotal societies of this ancient and honourable Borough of Ballycloughmore?"

Poor Phil, who was enough of a North of Ireland man to know that the tea-party—or bun-worry, as it was better and more properly known—was the radical article of faith without which few societies could be held together among the Ulstermen, and he replied straight up. "Well, according to my conscience, and according to ancient usuage, only going one better—so long as I remain your fit and proper representative in the House of Parliament, I am prepared, and hereby undertake, to supply one-half of the expenses necessary to defray the cost of all the usual annual bun-worries that take place yearly in connection with every Orange Lodge, Sunday school, and teetotal society in the ancient and honourable Borough of Ballycloughmore."

"Good, good, good!" says the spokesman, says he.

And the crowd cheered, this time, with all the powers of their stomachs, as well as with their hearts.

"Very well and good," says the spokesman, says he, when silence was once more restored. "The third, and last test question, which I am instructed to put to you before our people can undertake to return you as their fit and proper representative to the House of Parliament, is," says he, "the simple one of who, in your opinion, and according to your conscience, who killed William John M'Cance?"

And then the crowd set up their lugs again.

"To the best of my opinion," Phil replied, "I have always believed, for a dead surety, that the life of that illustrious man, who reflected credit on his country and credit on Ballycloughmore, was cruelly taken by a vile and red-handed Papist——"

And then, again, the crowd yelled with all of its lungs.

"This," says Phil, says he, reaching out his hand and silencing them when their lungs would not let them keep up the yell any longer, "this has always been my firm and fixed belief—up till last night, when I dreamt a dream that was a most wonderful dream, and in which I was assured—and, gentlemen, I am speaking according to my conscience—that the poor Papists had neither hand, act, nor part in the transaction; but, that the blow that bruck the skull of William John was, in a friendly scrimmage, delivered by the hand of a friend and comrade, and a brother, or, to speak more mathematically correct, delivered by the hands of half-a-dozen friends, comrades, and brothers."

That was enough.

The scene that come after it would take an abler man nor me to tell; but only there was a large force of police handy, who intervened with haste, and very hard batons, there wouldn't have been as much of Phil left in five minutes as would have identified him to the Crowner's Jury. But, when the police broke them up, and got him safely off, they rushed upon the polling booth, like a full sea, and went, as solid as cast steel, for Ned M'Cracken.

And when, along in the course of the evening, the rale M'Polin, aiting the head off himself with the dint of rage and vexation, come rolling into Ballycloughmore as fast as foaming horses could fetch him, the ears of him were dundered with "M'Cracken, M'Cracken for ever, the new Member for Ballycloughmore!"

He stuck his head out of the carriage window, and he swore at the driver to wheel his horses without delay, and drive him to Dublin, or the devil.

He resumed his back-stair duties at Dublin Castle, and died, half-a-dozen years later, of a complication of whisky-punch and apoplexy.

As a Member of Parliament, both Orangemen and Papists admitted that Ned M'Cracken was not half bad, but always defended the rights of both sides and the wrongs of neither; and the first vacancy turned up for an Attorney-General for Ireland he wanted to run Phil Rogan for it. But poor Phil said he wasn't rogue enough to make a successful member of the Government, and he preferred, in his own humble way, to continue working at home, for Ireland, justice, and the poor.

And there was many's a clever thing he done after, but none to surpass his feat at the Ballycloughmore Election.

THE END.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PICKABACK RETURN FROM TIGER-SHOOTING.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE PRINCE RETURNING WITH THE SPOILS OF THE CHASE.

The Prince's bag for the day was two tigers and a leopard, and another tiger shot in the thick jungle. The second tiger was carried home by the shikarris on a sort of rough litter. The Prince forded a small stream on the back of one of the bearers.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

IF Oxford and Cambridge could play each other, historically, at literature—that is, contend for the prize of poetry—victory would certainly smile on the flag of light blue. That is plain, from certain statistics printed in the *Academy*. Why it should be so, nobody knows, any more than we know why Oxford is superior on the river, while Cambridge has a slight but undeniable pull over Oxford at Lord's. There is probably no reason, discoverable by human intelligence, why Cambridge keeps "the ashes," so to speak, in poetry. Oxford is older, far more beautiful, and, historically, far more romantic; Jacobite, not Hanoverian; not mixed up with your Roundheads of the fens and flats.

But Cambridge has the better, in poetry. In the Elizabethan period, to take the pick of both Universities, she has Spenser and Marlowe, not to dwell on Ben Jonson and Beaumont; the former a robust genius, the latter a premature Keats, born out of due time. But with Spenser and Marlowe you meet men who play, as it were, for All England—the greatest names next to the glory of Warwickshire, himself not a University man. What had Oxford? Sir Philip Sidney, a true poet, but not a professional poet; and the decent Drayton, whose "Agincourt" will always be respected and recited. Lyly and Peele are names of cricketing rather than high poetic fame. From the accession of the Royal Martyr to the expulsion of his son (a glorious English Admiral, a friend of religious toleration, but historically unpopular), from 1625 to 1689, Oxford has one poet who could do some things better than any other English singer—Colonel Richard Lovelace; and has the rapturous Carew: but look at the Cambridge team! Milton, Dryden (he, by the way, was sorry that he was not an Oxford man), Suckling, Herrick, the incomparable Crashaw, the saintly Herbert, Cowley, and Marvell. What great and fragrant names! What a Captain is Milton! Certainly in the sixteenth century the Muses wore light blue.

Later, till the death of George I. (1727) there were practically no poets at the Universities. Who is Bramston? Who reads Garth or Ambrose Philips? But even in days as starveling as our own, Cambridge had the jolly Prior to pit against Mr. Addison, the author of "The Campaign," one of the very worst poems in the English language. Was Mr. Congreve at neither University? Mr. Pope was at neither, nor was Dr. Swift; but I thought (I have no Biographical Dictionary by me) that Sir Richard Steele had worn the gown for a short period: Dicky was safe to be sent down, sooner or later.

These were indeed lean years, these years of great Anna. From 1727 to 1780 Cambridge had one good man, Gray; Oxford had two good men, Collins and Samuel Johnson. George, Lord Lyttelton is in the list. Kit Smart is not, though a far better poet.

In 1780-1830 Cambridge simply romps in. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron! We do not dwell on Erasmus Darwin, Kirke White, or W. S. Rose. These gentlemen do not count. Oxford had one star, and sent him down, like Blaydes—Percy Bysshe Shelley. We also owned the author of "I'd be a Butterfly, born in a bower," just what Shelley would have liked to be, but he would have stated it differently. Wilson is given in the list; not Lockhart, though. Lockhart did write some poetry, and, as far as I could ever hear or read, Wilson did not. Then we had Keble, who was better than W. S. Rose, at all events; and Landor, and Southey, and Heber, and Milman; but all these together are not the small change for Coleridge. I never read Bowles and Jones (William); and Cary is hardly a name to conjure with.

If we try to pick an eleven out of each University, the superiority of Cambridge is dazzling; it is ten to one on Cambridge. Thus—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
Mr. Drayton.	Mr. Spenser.
Sir Philip Sidney.	Mr. Marlowe.
Mr. Carew.	Sir John Suckling.
Colonel Lovelace.	The Rev. Mr. Herrick.
Mr. Collins.	Mr. Milton.
Dr. Johnson.	Mr. Dryden.
Mr. Landor.	Mr. Gray.
Mr. Shelley.	Mr. Wordsworth.
Mr. Matthew Arnold.	Mr. S. T. Coleridge.
Mr. Swinburne.	Lord Byron.
Mr. William Morris.	Lord Tennyson.

Cambridge has so many last choices, all good, like Ben Jonson, Crashaw, Herbert, Marvell, FitzGerald, Thackeray, it is not every judge of the game who would put Suckling in and leave these men out. On Oxford the gods inflicted Tupper and Robert Montgomery, while her friends are obliged to include Strode among her poets, but, for some reason, leave out Beddoes. Cambridge could play a very good game against All England, were it not that England, among the non-University poets, has the W. G. Grace of song, W. Shakspere. Writing from memory, I offer an eleven of the non-University poets of Great Britain and Ireland, though, to be sure, several of them were at Scottish or Irish Universities—

King James I.
Mr. Shakspere.
Mr. Pope.
Mr. Swift.
Mr. Robert Burns.
Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
Mr. Robert Browning.
Mr. Keats.
Dr. Goldsmith
The Rev. Canon Barbour.
Mr. Thomas Moore.

Were it not for Shakspere, it seems that Cambridge could defy the Empire.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

R B (Colsterworth).—Your problems to hand, and will receive early attention.

P H WILLIAMS.—Much obliged, and trust to find it as good as usual.

P DALY (Brighton).—We are glad you are satisfied as to the correctness of the problem

R H LEGGE.—We are pleased to hear from you again, and trust to find your problem correct.

LLOYD BATES (Portland, Or.)—Your effort to solve No. 3222 is unfortunately not successful. You must try again; it is the only way.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3217 and 3218 received from C O (Springbokfontein, Namaqualand); of No. 3219 from Rook and Bishop (Rio de Janeiro, and C O (Springbokfontein); of No. 3220 from Rook and Bishop (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 3221 from Emile Frau (Lyons) and Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, India); of No. 3223 from Gertrude M Field (Athol, Mass.), C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and E G Muntz (Toronto); of No. 3224 from Marco Salem (Bologna) and Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury); of No. 3225 from A G Bagot (Dublin), Frank Wm. Atchinson (Crowthorne), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Thos. Charlton (Clapham Park), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Emile Frau (Lyons), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), David Weir (Fivemiletown), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society, Corfu; of No. 3226 from A J Pereira Machado (Lisbon), Shadforth, Robert Bee, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Roberts, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Thos. Charlton, C E Perugini, Eugene Henry (Lewisham), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Sorrento, Albert Wolff (Putney), Sconic, H J Plumb (Sandhurst), F G Webber (Coley), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), E W Thomas (Dolgelly), R Worters (Canterbury), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Emile Frau (Lyons), David Weir (Fivemiletown), A G Bagot (Dublin), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), and Elliott J Clauson (Brasso, Hungary).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3227 received from T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), A J Revillon (Uppingham), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), H S Brandreth (Rome), F Henderson (Leeds), F Durrant (Manchester), Emile Frau (Lyons), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), E J Winter-Wood, G Glover (Surbiton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

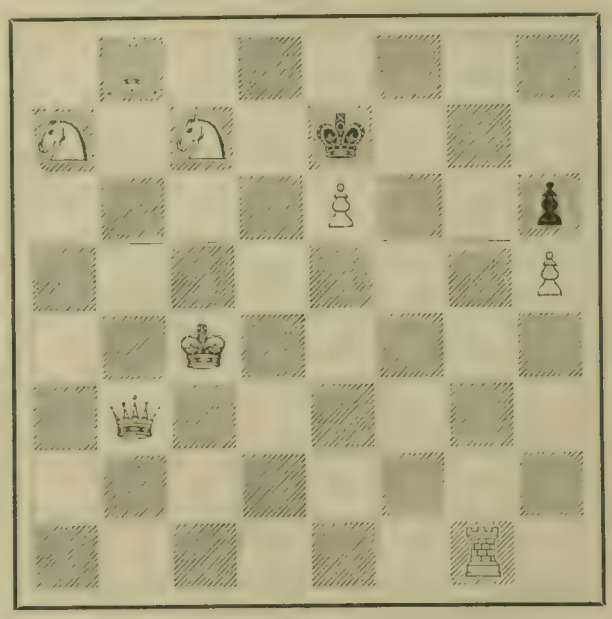
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3226.—By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 6th	K to K 5th or Q 5th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)	K moves
3. Q or Kt mates	

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), and Q mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 3229.—By H. MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played in the National Chess Tournament between Messrs. LOMAN and BERNSTEIN.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles	B to K 2nd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P
7. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th
8. Kt takes P	Castles
9. P to Q B 3rd	Kt takes P
10. R to K sq	P to Q 4th
11. P to B 3rd	P to Q B 4th

Cleverly saving the piece. White cannot play his Knight anywhere without some disadvantage, and is thus forced to exchange.

12. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
13. B P takes P	B to K Kt 5th
14. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
15. P to K 5th	P to B 3rd
16. P takes P	R takes P
17. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 5th

Apparently to prevent Kt takes P, but with its real motive so deeply hid that White does not even suspect what is coming.

18. Q to Q B 2nd	Kt takes P

The very highest order of sacrifice in chess, where the immediate return is a purely positional advantage that is only materialised after a long subsequent series of moves.

19. Q takes Kt	B to B 6th
20. Q to K B 2nd	R to Kt 3rd (ch)
21. K to B sq	Q to K B sq
22. R to K 3rd	R to K B 3rd
23. K to K sq	B to R 4th
24. Q to Kt 3rd	R to B 5th
25. R takes B	

B to R 5th is threatened, and this surrender is the best means of escaping greater loss. White, however, still makes a hard fight of it.

25.	Q takes R (ch)
26. B to K 3rd	R to B 6th
27. Kt takes P	Q to Q sq
28. Q to Kt 5th	Q to R 4th (ch)
29. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 5th
30 Q to Q 5th (ch)	

A mistake, which quickly loses. B to Kt 3rd (ch) should precede any move now made. Black's success is well earned.

30.	K to R sq
31. Q takes B	R takes B (ch)
32. K to B 2nd	Q takes P (ch)
33. K takes R	Q takes Kt (ch)
34. K to B 2nd	Q to Kt 7th (ch)
35 K to Kt 3rd	Q takes R
36. Q to K B 5th	Q takes Q P
37. B to B 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd
38. Q to K 6th	R to K B sq
39. Q to K 2nd	Q to Kt 8th (ch)
40. K to R 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
41. B to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
42. Q to Q 3rd	R to B 5th

Black wins.

Another Game in the same Tournament between Messrs. GJERSING and MIESES.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1 P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 4th
4. B P takes P	K P takes P
5. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. K P takes P	Kt takes P

The game is of a more lively order than this opening usually affords.

7. K Kt to K 2nd	Kt takes Kt
8. B takes Kt	Kt to B 3rd
9. B to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd
10. B to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
11. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 2nd
12. B takes B	Q takes B
13. Castles	P to K R 4th

Partly feeling for an attack and partly to secure some freedom for his King's Rook.

14. Q R to K sq	P to R 3rd
15. B to K 2nd	B to B 4th
16. P to B 4th	P to R 5th
17. B to B 3rd	R to Q sq
18. R to K 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
19. K R to K sq	

White has a strong position, and apparently ought to have made more use of it. His next move, however, lets him down.

19.	K to Kt 2nd
20. Kt to K 4th	Kt takes Kt
21. B takes Kt	P to B 3rd
22. Q to B 3rd	

A blunder, though it is followed by an interesting struggle. B takes B seems to yield a draw.

22.	P takes R
23. P takes P	Q to K 2nd
24. P to Q 6th	Q to K 3rd
25. B takes P	K R to K sq
26. B takes P	K to R 2nd
27. B to Kt 5th	R to K B sq
28. Q takes P	

White has four passed Pawns for his Rook, but the board is too open to defend against Black's powerful pieces.

28.	Q to B 2nd
29. Q to Q 4th	P to Kt 4th
30. B to B 4th	B to K 3rd
31. Q to K 4th (ch)	K to R 3rd
32. B to Q 3rd	Q to B 7th (ch)

White resigns.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A TALK ABOUT AIR.

I AM indebted to many readers of this column for hints regarding subjects likely to interest those whom week by week I have the honour and privilege to address. Of late days—due to some reason or other of the origin of which I am ignorant—I have received letters which suggest that I might be able to lend a helping hand to what one of my correspondents calls the "pure air movement." I was not aware that any special movement was on foot by way of advocating the need for our breathing pure air. Indeed, personally, I very much desire that such an agency could be formed in our midst, and that it would make itself heard in season and out of season, concerning the high importance of pure air as a factor in the maintenance of health. But well do I know that the man who preaches any such doctrine is like unto one crying in the wilderness, no man heeding him—save perhaps a faithful and intelligent soul here and there.

Take my case, as I write these lines. I am engaged on a lecture tour, necessitating the ways and works of the "uncommercial traveller" whom Dickens described so felicitously. I am compelled for a week or ten days to sojourn in hotels of all grades and degrees of comfort. But be they simple or be they boastful of luxury, I am day by day subjected to the same risk of incurring bad health from the impurity of the air supplied me. If I happened to be a humorist, I might suggest that I could obtain pure water, pure beer, pure whisky, and pure food all round. Pure air, however, is not charged in the bill, and is, therefore, to be regarded as a negligible quantity altogether. I go to the smoke-room to indulge in the fragrant weed—result, I have to breathe an atmosphere charged with tobacco smoke and other products of respiration, which, being inhaled for a given time, send me to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just, I hope, but in any case to slumber in disturbed fashion till my lungs have got rid of the poison circulating in the blood. I dine in the restaurant, and the same fate awaits me. Between the incongruous and very much mixed odours of the *cuisine* and the ordinary foul air of the hostel, I am placed in a position which is truly pitiful to contemplate.

Now I am no "faddist." I do not believe in the man who elects to have fresh air at any price. That kind of man, in my experience, at least, will subject you to draughts, but will be very careful to keep himself beyond their reach. Theoretically, he will risk anything for a fresh-air supply; in practice, he takes care that he avoids any untoward effects of an atmosphere which is renewed very rapidly. But the fresh-air "faddist" has my sympathy, because he is on the right track. His mistake is in trying to run on that track at the speed of an express-train when he has at his command only a trolley. The most regrettable feature of this fresh-air question, to my mind, is the want of any distinct boundary-line between the "faddists" and the sensible people. The first set of persons want and demand impossibilities; the second set are so hide-bound in their *laissez-faire* state, that they do not want anything at all.

We demand a constant supply of air—that is, fresh and pure air—because it is part of our food-supply. Consider that if you are deprived of air even for a very few minutes, you die. You can survive without solid food and water for several days at least. The oxygen gas of the atmosphere is part of your food. It may be compared to the light that you put to the coals and sticks in your grate; the latter elements representing, in the case of the body, the ordinary foods on which we subsist. Without the oxygen we draw from the air, life would be impossible of continuance. Now, in face of this fact, that air is an absolute necessity of life, it is clear we should not wish to inhale into our lungs matters which are likely to be injurious to us. In plain language, what we desire and demand for our healthy existence is pure air, and it is precisely this demand which, under the ordinary circumstances of life, is not supplied.

That which renders air impure is largely the waste matters human beings breathe out into the atmosphere. The moment you place an animal in any situation you have to reckon with its giving forth to the air part of the inevitable waste it produces from its lungs. The living body is thus, in virtue of its very demands on the atmosphere, and on the vital actions in virtue of which it maintains its position in the world, a source of air-impurity. Every breath we give out adds to the atmospheric taint; so that we have to reckon here practically with the great question of how to get rid of personal waste, given forth to the air, which if it accumulates and is rebreathed makes for ill-health and disease.

I trust I have stated the case for fresh air impartially. At the least I have made it clear that all animals tend to give forth to the air noxious things, and that free ventilation aims at getting rid of such injurious products, and at substituting for them an atmosphere which is pure and health-giving. How to accomplish this very desirable end is, of course, another and a far more difficult matter. You often have to choose between draughts and foul air, and you choose the foul atmosphere, because you fear the consequences of rapid change of air, represented in us by pneumonia and other lung troubles. There is no "royal road" to the attainment of ventilation. As far as I know there is no perfect system of ventilation extant which can render an ordinary dwelling sanitary in the fresh-air sense. Perfectly to ventilate an ordinary house is an impossibility, but we could do much even with windows as they are to better matters, as any shilling manual of hygiene will show. But something will be gained if, as a nation, we awake to the necessity for fresh air, and if we recognise that it is as injurious to breathe bad air as it is to drink polluted water or to consume contaminated food.

ANDREW WILSON.

PICTURESQUE QUETTA: THE PRINCE'S HALTING-PLACE, MARCH 12 TO 16.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.



THE CLUB.



THE RESIDENCY.

QUETTA stands in a wooded oasis among the desolate mountains of Baluchistan. Twenty-five years ago it was considered of no importance, but to-day the town, with its girdle of detached forts, is one of the chief military bulwarks of our Indian Empire. It stands five thousand feet above the sea-level, and although it is exposed to the blizzards of Central Asia, the climate is wonderfully healthy, and it is not too hot in summer. It has been chosen as the site of the new Indian Staff College. The Khan of Khelat was received in Durbar by the Prince, and also another picturesque Sirdar of the Baluch tribes, the Jam of Las Bela. Less than thirty years ago the old native town was one of the Khan of Khelat's tumbledown forts. The gardens, avenues, and cultivated patches at Quetta are expanding yearly, and have been made possible by diligent irrigation. The strategic position of the town with regard to Western Afghanistan is analogous to that which Peshawar occupies with respect to Eastern Afghanistan. The advance from Peshawar to Kabul, however, is still very difficult, owing to a stretch of mountainous country; but that from Quetta to Kabul is now easy, for the Kwaja Amran range, which blocks the Quetta plateau on the north, has been pierced by a railway tunnel. During the last few years the importance of Quetta as regards not only Afghanistan but also Eastern Persia has been recognised by the construction of the railway to Nushki and the opening up of a new trade route along the margin of Northern Baluchistan into Seistan. The events of the last two years have postponed a Russian invasion for a long time.



THE BAZAAR.



THE FRUIT MARKET.



THE FORT.



THE KHAN OF KHELAT, QUETTA.



THE RACECOURSE.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

FICTION AND FACT.

MRS. Katherine Cecil Thurston seems to have reached the half-way house in fiction—on the return journey. In "The Circle" she climbed, if not to the summit of the Mountain of Merit, at least to a considerable height; in "John Chilcote, M.P.," she deserted the mountain for the Mound of Popularity; in "The Gambler" (Hutchinson) she is on the mountain again, but on a lesser peak than that she first achieved. "The Gambler," in a word, is not a great book. It is neither as fascinating as its author's first work nor as bold a bid for public favour as her second. It marks, as we have said, a return to the half-way house. Its chief character, the gambler herself, does not hold the attention as it should. It is true that to the onlooker who does not play, the gamester is more engrossing than the game, and in making scenic subservient to mental action Mrs. Thurston was doubtless wise. But there is such a thing as over-subduing surroundings, and it is this that is at times apparent in the novel with which we are dealing. A gambler without the tables is less than half a gambler, and we hear comparatively little of the tables in this story. They are responsible for all the troubles that befall Clodagh, but they are scarcely insistent enough: we learn that the heroine is fascinated by them, but we find it difficult to determine why she is so fascinated, despite the knowledge that she has inherited a taint. Surely, this is a fault. If we are to be in sympathy with her, we should, to some extent at all events, share her feelings. Frankly, we find the first few chapters of the book, those that are set in Ireland and depict the Irish gentleman driven to "the devil's picture-books" by utter loneliness—and heredity—far better than those that succeed them, and deal in the main with that gambling that has hearts as the stakes. It must be confessed, however, in justice to Mrs. Thurston, that Clodagh's character is consistently drawn. Her marriage to a pedantic archæologist who greets the beauties of Venice by night with "But do you not detect a distinctly unhealthy odour?"; her vacillations between her duty to her husband, her desire to "live"—in the Society novelist's sense—and the attractions of one of those perfectly imperfect old noblemen who model themselves upon the Marquess of Steyne; her love, after the death of her husband, for the young Englishman who can only believe or disbelieve; the frenzy of fear that compels her to steal her sister's dowry to pay a "debt of honour" and to borrow from Lord Deerehurst, and her eventual return to grace, are well enough depicted—the fault lies in the fact that the character is not particularly interesting, hardly novel enough. We expect a study of a gambler; we find one of a foolish woman.

Mrs. John Lane observes two continents with a lively eye in "The Champagne Standard" (John Lane). Her genial satire does not spare the land of her birth; wherefore the title of the volume, which refers to an inflated idea of so-called hospitality at least as common in contemporary America as in the mother-country. The coming-out of Nancy, who was torn by anxiety lest she should receive fewer bouquets than a neighbouring "bud," makes really quite a piteous picture. The trouble with these essays, to the critic, is that they set him itching to quote, and quote largely, even by the page, as the simplest method of presenting their inimitable attraction to the public. This, unluckily, is not legitimate reviewing; but since the best way to deal with temptation is to succumb to it, a specimen "good story" shall be inserted here. A millionaire hostess had returned to the drawing-room after dinner with her lady guests, and, "her broad expanse tinkling and glittering with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair . . . and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of a lady's maid. 'Françoise,' said the magnate's lady, with languid magnificence, 'I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace.'" The book puts on a confiding air now and then, and even imparts instruction, as in the paper on "American Wives and English Housekeeping"; but it is far too volatile and light-footed to alarm the searcher after sheer amusement. Even an adverse judgment passed upon our cherished British tradition that domestic service is at least cheap here, by comparison with the United States, fails to depress, because the humours of the question veneer its disconcerting aspect. "The Champagne Standard" is a book to read.

"A Royal Road to 'Royalties'" might be the title of a volume which we opened with the mistrust begotten of a considerable knowledge of Guides to Young Authors. The recipes in these well-meaning handbooks for the most part open with words that are really synonymous with "First catch your publisher." Very different, however, is Mr. Adam Lorimer's "The Author's Progress" (Blackwood). To every author and journalist there cometh soon or late the letter of the literary aspirant seeking advice. The thanks of all literary men are due to Mr. Adam Lorimer for freeing them from this dread incubus. For this book is a marvel of wit and wisdom on all things concerning authors and publishers. The temptation to seek to penetrate Mr. Lorimer's identity we put behind us. It is sufficient to say that this book is clearly the work of a brilliant writer who has had practical acquaintance with the duties of a "publisher's reader." He knows every trick of the trade—of three trades, we should say, the publisher's, the author's, and the bookseller's. Nor is this the limit of his knowledge. The reviewer, too, he knows thoroughly, and the mind of the general reader is an open book to him. There is not a page in this book that is not marked by shrewd knowledge adorned by a very pretty wit. In it the youngest novice will find precisely the counsel he seeks. He is told how to prepare and how to submit his masterpiece; he is advised to shun photographers and literary agents and to trust his publisher. Nothing better has been written on the vexed and foolish question of the relation of author and publisher. Mr. Lorimer holds no brief for the latter, but every publisher should be grateful to him for his exposition of the fact that publishing is a commercial enterprise and not necessarily a philanthropic undertaking. The only thing we quarrel with in this volume is Mr. Lorimer's repeated injunction, "Get thee to a bank." We are offered no proof that the case of the teller in a bank is any happier than that of the teller of indifferent stories. The young writer, if he has any parts at all, who founds his style on "The Pilgrim's Progress," appreciates the moral of "The Rake's Progress," and learns the business side of his craft from "The Author's Progress," has nothing to fear. He will, we doubt not, soon be in a position to obey Mr. Lorimer's behest, and get him to a bank. But we shall not find him behind the counter.

In "The Chinaman at Home" (Newnes, Limited) M. Emile Bard sets out the fruits of inquiry during four years' residence and travel in China. He contrives to cover a vast amount of ground in the 300 pages of which his book consists, and if the terseness of the style he affects conveys at first the impression of superficiality, closer acquaintance suggests that his knowledge of the people, their modes of life, character, and customs, is quite as profound as can reasonably be expected from the duration of his stay in the country. He displays on occasion a tendency to generalise, and we are by no means sure that his generalisations are always free from injustice; he was, we apprehend, personally unfortunate in finding all Chinese women "morose and forbidding." In the main, however, M. Bard is an indulgent critic, and this very interesting book affords a fair idea of a people with whom it is peculiarly difficult for the European to cultivate anything approaching intimacy. He has been at pains to collect facts bearing on the several topics with which he deals, from missionary enterprise to trading chicanery; and, apropos of his quotations from the Peking *Gazette*, it may be remarked that were the government of China as good as the intentions of the Emperor, as expressed in his published mandates, the Chinese would be the best-governed people in the world. Mr. H. Twitchell's translation deserves cordial praise. The illustrations from photographs are excellent.

In "Elephant and Seladang Hunting in Malaya" (Rowland Ward), Mr. Hubback gives a very straightforward and vigorous account of his experiences in the dense Malay jungles with these formidable beasts; the seladang being the animal known in India as gaur or bison. If the book leaves something to be desired from a literary point of view, the subject-matter amply atones. Mr. Hubback is a keen and adventurous sportsman who prefers to perform himself all the hard work which too frequently is deputed to the native hunter: he is a close and discriminating student of the habits of game, and to this in great degree may be attributed the very full measure of success which attended him in a country peculiarly difficult to hunt, by reason of the impenetrability of the jungle, the climate, and the indifferent abilities of his native guides. Malaya, we are inclined to think, will long afford sanctuary to the elephant and other large game, however recklessly they may be slaughtered by irresponsible native tribes in other parts of the world. The character of the country is against the settler, as it is against the sportsman, and the rising generation of Malays shows no ambition to emulate the sporting achievements of its forbears. Incidentally, Mr. Hubback gives much interesting information concerning the methods of trapping animals practised by the Sakais, the wild aboriginals of the peninsula, with whom he seems to have cultivated very friendly relations. The illustrations from photographs are, for the most part, satisfactory.

An introduction to "Old English Furniture," by W. E. Mallett (George Newnes, Ltd. and Mallett and Son, Bath), is not a very valuable contribution to the study of furniture. Indeed, it is little more than an illustrated catalogue of the furniture "now or recently in the possession of my [the author's] firm," divided into periods, with a brief indication of the characteristics of each period and the quality of every specimen illustrated. Mr. Brock's drawings, of which there are many, are said by the author "in some subtle way to convey the spirit of the time in which each piece was made": the conveyance is so subtle that some will doubt its validity; it may be fairer to suggest that this spirit has evaporated during the process of reproduction—spirits are very volatile. The author's feeling for art may be seen in the suggestion that the carving of the splats of "a sumptuous and beautiful piece of furniture" is in high relief, "which suggests the idea that they might have been cast." One can imagine that the now unknown artist, whose carving suggests a casting, is not unlikely to haunt the author. The specimens begin at about the year 1600, a limitation in time due, no doubt, to the date of the specimens now or recently in the possession of the author's firm, since earlier specimens of English furniture can be seen in the land, and some of them are delightful, such as a fifteenth-century buffet owned by Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., or Anne Boleyn's (reputed) chair at Hever. However, there are plenty of illustrations, vigorously drawn and giving a fair distance-idea of details, with the result that a simple collector, by looking at them and the date assigned, can form some opinion as to the period to which his cherished trophies are *supposed* to belong. Although the book is alleged to be brought down to 1820, there are no drawings of the Empire furniture, such as appear in Smith's book of 1808, or some of Sheraton's designs that are now out of public taste: in a sense this is not altogether regrettable, but it diminishes the value of the book. Perhaps it is simplest to regard it as a convenient guide to the date of the ordinary and most frequently copied types of English furniture belonging to the period covered by it. To the moderately advanced amateur it tells nothing new, yet may serve a purpose in reminding him of what he has learnt otherwise.

AN INTERVIEW WITH TOLSTOY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA.

A TALK with Tolstoy to-day is of more than ordinary interest in view of the fact that the key of the Russian problem is to be found in the present and future deeds of the Russian peasants, among whom he is such a commanding figurehead and by whom he is so much beloved. I have lately visited the patriarch at his house on the estate at Yassnaya Polyana, and found him brimming over with health and spirits, just returned from his daily ride of twenty miles on horseback: a useful bit of exercise for a veteran of seventy-eight. He was clothed in his long *roobashka*, or smock reaching from neck to mid-thigh, and wore trousers inserted below the knee into his long *sapogy*, or Wellingtons. Round the waist ran a band, and with his hands inserted on either side beneath it—a characteristic attitude—he discussed the troubles of Russia.

It was a simple, but impressive scene. The large room, with its double windows, through which the last faint streaks of the departing day were endeavouring to find their way and aid the long candles in their feeble attempt to illumine our faces as we sat round the plain deal table; the seductive hum of the samovar which lulled our senses while we listened to the words of the venerable, grey-bearded sage, his strikingly noble features just sufficiently lit up by the candles' rays to bring out into deeper relief, and increase the impressive picturesqueness of, that furrowed, strong, leonine face known to-day wherever human beings congregate; the general surroundings telling of simplicity combined with art—all united to form a truly striking picture which will be for ever engraved on my memory. I had asked him his opinion of the future, and for a few moments he smoothed his beard, coaxing it to a point, and then, looking up, his penetrating eyes glancing at me from beneath his shaggy grey eyebrows, he said: "There are two futures—the immediate future and the distant future. Of the latter, I can only say that Russia's future is great. Peace, happiness, goodwill, freedom from iniquity, oppression, wars, *must* come—the Master will have it so, but *when*, is a question I cannot hope to answer. Russia's history of the future will be the history of the people. And who are the Russian people? Ninety per cent. are peasantry; it is the peasantry in whose hands is the future of Russia, and it is to-day the peasantry whose thoughts, opinions, actions must have such an overwhelming effect on the *immediate* future."

I asked, "What is the Duma likely to effect?" At the word "Duma" Tolstoy's nervous hands clasped and unclasped, and he grasped the sides of his arm-chair as he replied, "The Duma may do many things: all intellectual people will recognise the undoubted benefit of an assembly of the people for the people's good; but the peasant, generally speaking, has no conception of the meaning of the word. Those who have been responsible in the Russian past for the education and progress of her uncultured millions of peasants have so lamentably failed that to-day, when the question of improving the peasant's status, meeting his requirements, and alleviating his condition has been forced on the powers that be by sheer necessity, it is done with a rush, and the peasant mind cannot grasp it. Lasting good and beneficent reform cannot be born entirely of necessity—it must come from the heart and be bred of man's love for fellow-man. Individuals will continue to help their poorer brethren, as of yore, and more will do so to-day—many from selfish motives, seeing in the signs of the times a day of retribution arriving; but universal reform and God's peace over the land, I fear, is not yet.

"Manifesto after manifesto has bewildered the peasant, and unfulfilled promises have had their natural effect on him. To-day he believes nothing: he has become a sceptic, and may prove a dangerous sceptic indeed. Following on promises of reform and freedom comes the subtle word Duma, which the majority of the peasants take to mean a panacea for all wrong, and they anxiously await to see what this wonderful all-changing, all reforming Colossus can be."

"And when it comes?" I asked. Tolstoy rose from his chair and walked with a peculiarly quick, jerky gait to and fro, his hands as usual under his waistband. "When it comes," said he, "we shall see; for the question is, what can it do to satisfy the raised hopes of the people? You see, so long, so fatally long has been the delay, that at the time when it has been decided to bring about changes in the peasants' condition from *above*, contemporaneously, change has been determined on from *below* by the people themselves. If the Duma arrives and is not satisfying, I foresee trouble; if the Duma should be delayed for long—again I see trouble; the issue is in the hands of the Master."

Here the Count relapsed into a reverie, and I asked the Countess if, in the event of agrarian trouble, she feared disorder at Yassnaya Polyana. "Trouble here is impossible," said she. "My husband is beloved on all hands"; and with a smile she added, "He has never failed his people in their hour of need, and none would molest him, his family or estate." I then asked Tolstoy if he had been reading the English newspapers regarding the Parliamentary Election. He said: "I have given up reading newspapers, as I gave up smoking, and the result is to one's mind as a breath of fresh morning air untainted by noxious odours. One feels independent of daily contact with the outside world, which, up to the time I gave up newspaper-reading, was naturally engendered by the habit of perusing the world's Press. No, I have given it up for good, and am the better for it." He added significantly, as he rose to go: "The events happening round us to-day here in Russia are sufficient alone to demand one's whole attention and absorb one's thought." I may mention that the Count's eldest son is taking a prominent part in the formation of the Duma. He knows England and Canada (where he went with the Doukhobors) well, and his wish is to return to visit both again.

H. P. KENNARD.

MORMON CRUSADE IN ENGLAND: THE SECT'S WEALTHY HEADQUARTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALLOU.

THE Mormons, some of whom have recently been prosecuted in the United States Courts for polygamy, have begun a missionary campaign in this country. For a long time they were unmolested in America; but the practice of their chief article of faith was declared illegal some years ago, and they are now subject to criminal proceedings. The sect, which calls itself "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," was founded in 1830 at Manchester,



declared to be God's prophet, professed to trace the history of America from its first settlement by a crowd of refugees from among the tribes dispersed after the Confusion of Tongues. A certain Mormon collected and buried the records of these people, to be in due time discovered by the chosen prophet. Smith soon collected followers, and, after many vicissitudes and much scandal, was shot dead by a mob at Nauvoo, Illinois. This "martyrdom" was all that the cause

MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY; OLD TEMPLE DOME ON LEFT.



EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY.

SALTAIR: PAVILION AND BATHING SCENE, GREAT SALT LAKE.

SALT LAKE CITY FROM PROSPECT HILL.

New York, by Joseph Smith, who, at the age of fifteen, began to have visions. He declared that the angel Moroni appeared to him three times, and told him that the Bible of the Western Continent was buried in a certain spot near Manchester. After a probation of three years he went to the place, and the angel of the Lord delivered to him a stone box in which was a volume six inches thick, made of thin gold plates eight inches by seven, and fastened together by three gold rings. The book was in the Reformed Egyptian tongue, and Smith, who was utterly illiterate, dictated from behind a screen to an amanuensis a translation, which was printed under the title of "The Book of Mormon." The book, in which Joseph Smith himself was



needed for success. Smith's mantle fell upon the renowned Brigham Young, who in 1847 established himself in Salt Lake City, Utah. There the wonderful industry of the community turned the wilderness into a garden. A State was organised in 1849 under the name of "Deseret"—"the land of the honey-bee"—but Washington refused to ratify the Constitution. By way of compromise, however, "The Territory of Utah" was recognised, with Brigham Young as Governor. Salt Lake City has 50,000 inhabitants, and is four miles long by three broad. It has a University, and its great sight is the Mormon Tabernacle, a new building which recently superseded the old domed structure. Both the old and the new Tabernacles appear among our Illustrations.

AMELIA'S PALACE, GUARDS' HOUSE. SALT LAKE CITY.

THE KING'S HOLIDAY RETREAT ON THE BAY OF BISCAY: BIARRITZ.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. T. FLEMING, THE PRESS PICTURE AGENCY, AND L.E.A.



THE VILLA BELZA AND ROCHER DES DENTS.



THE BATHING-PLACE OF THE OLD PORT.



THE KING'S RESIDENCE: THE HÔTEL DU PALAIS.



A HUNT PATRONISED BY THE KING: THE COMTE DE GONTAUT BIRON, M.F.H., WITH THE BIARRITZ HOUNDS.



PEACE ON THE BAY OF BISCAY: LOW TIDE AT BIARRITZ.



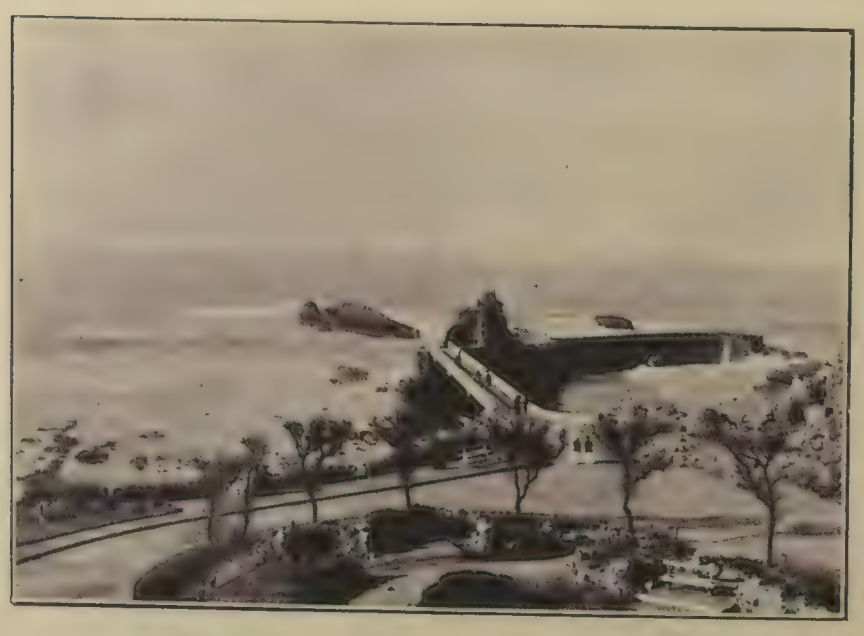
THE STORMY BAY OF BISCAY: BREAKERS AT BIARRITZ.



WHERE THE KING'S TENT IS PITCHED: THE HÔTEL DU PALAIS, ON THE SITE OF EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S FORMER PALACE.



THE ROCHER DE LA VIERGE IN A HEAVY SEA.



VIEW FROM THE SEMAPHORE HILL, BIARRITZ.



THE COAST AND TOWN OF BIARRITZ.

On March 10 the King was present at a Meet of the Foxhounds in the courtyard of the Hôtel du Palais. There was a large muster, including the Master, the Comte de Gontaut Biron. On Sunday King Alfonso visited King Edward and stayed to luncheon. On the terrace of the hotel the King has had a tent erected, and there he has been spending a great part of the day. The Hôtel du Palais stands on the site of a former palace belonging to the Empress Eugénie. There Bismarck had a memorable meeting with Napoleon III.

EGYPT'S RICHEST TREASURE TROVE.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.



REMOVING THE TREASURE TO CAIRO: THE BAGGAGE-TRAIN READY TO START.

THE excavation in the Valley of the Kings, undertaken by Mr. Theodore M. Davis for the benefit of the museum at Cairo, and directed by Mr. Quibell, the Government archæologist superintending the Theban district, revealed early in February a flight of rock-hewn steps half hidden by ancient débris from the neighbouring tombs of Ramses III. and Ramses XII. By the afternoon of the twelfth the overhanging hillside was so far cleared away that one could go safely down the steps to a wall closing the entrance of a corridor leading to an unknown tomb. A break was found in the wall just under the corridor ceiling, and a boy was sent in, who discovered, just inside, a partly gilded chariot-yoke, a scarab, and a slender, long green staff circled with gilding near the top. Now, these things, which no modern thief would have slighted, had clearly been dropped by a robber of long ago when only jewels and solid gold were worth the stealing; and as chippings from the neighbouring tomb had been found on the steps, apparently in the very piles thrown there by the eighteenth-dynasty workmen, it seemed certain that this tomb had lain undisturbed through the thirty subsequent centuries.

Expert hopes therefore ran high that the tomb would prove rich in all but the most costly of funeral offerings, and native rumour swept from valley to valley with stories of a staff of solid gold taken from a tomb full of hoarded gold and silver, and glimmering with the light of a thousand jewels. This was regrettable; for the neighbouring villagers, tempted generation after generation by the presence of royal tombs, are now, by habit and inheritance, the most inveterate of thieves. Let one of them drop his turban, and you may be sure that, when he winds it again about his head, the folds will hide a scarab which he has spied on the ground. Nor are the natives capable of peccadillos only. When prospects of rich loot dazzle their imagination, it is well to guard against sins. So, after the yoke and staff and scarab were taken from the corridor, six *gaffirs*, or native guards, were set to watch over the tomb, and, for fear some venality should lurk even in these, an Englishman with two Americans stayed through the night, on the desert sand, watching now the semicircle of natives around them, now the ancient steps that led, between the piled-up sand and débris, down out of the starlight into darkness.



ALABASTER VASE WITH QUEEN TII'S NAME.

In the oval on the left of the inscription on the vase is the name of Amenhotep III.; in the oval on the right is that of Queen Tii.

By nine next morning, when Mr. Davis arrived from his dahabiyeh, only the absence of Mr. Quibell and of M. Maspero, official head of all such explorations in Egypt, delayed the final entrance into the tomb.

Mr. Quibell was detained by official duties. M. Maspero, however, soon arrived. Joining Mr. Davis, the famous Frenchman, who selected the site for digging, went down the steps and slowly on through the rock-hewn descending corridor. It was barren. No works of funeral art strewed the floor; and the walls, unlike those of other tombs, were bare of both carving and painting. At the end of the corridor, where a second staircase was flanked by shelves, a mere bundle of ancient onions lay on the rock. But on one of the steps a roll of papyrus met the explorers' eyes. Just beyond it they found a wall plastered with mud and sealed with the priestly seal. This alone separated them from the tomb itself; and the top was so broken that they could peer over into what for centuries on centuries no eye had seen: a confusion of dark forms, shimmering mysteriously here and there with a touch of gold or of silver.

Squeezing their way between the wall and the rock ceiling, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis were soon in the midst of such a medley of tomb furniture that, in the glare of their lighted candles, the first effect was one of bewilderment. Gradually, however, one object after another detached itself from the shimmering mass, shining through the cool air, dust-free and golden. Against the wall to the left stood a chair, and beyond it a gilded coffin-cover lay upside down. In it was a conventional mask that gleamed golden through dark veiling; and the mummy whose head this mask had covered lay farther off, its body partly incased in gilded open-work. Against the wall to the right leaned two "Osiris beds," flat surfaces on which seed had been sown, which, in sprouting, had outlined the figure of the god. Not far off, along the wall opposite the door, stood a row of boxes, like tiny closed sentry-boxes, each containing a statuette. In front of these rose, shoulder-high, the oblong black mass of a "sledge," the outermost case for a mummy. To the left stood a bed. Nearer again lay a silvered mummy-case; and on this, and on a mummy beyond it, the second in the tomb, a shaft of cold blue light struck down from the outer day.

By daylight, then, mingled with the light of flickering candle-flames, the discoverers examined the second mummy. By candle-light alone they searched the first. Both had been plundered by the thief of long ago. First breaking one of the "sledges" and throwing mummy-cases hither and yon, he had taken from both mummies everything of intrinsic value except a plate of gold closing the aperture through which the heart of one had been removed by the embalmers. Not a jewel, and only part of one necklace, remained of all those with which the dead must once have been bedecked. But if such trophies were lacking, others of surpassing splendour and significance still packed the tomb-chamber from wall to wall. In the bottom of a mummy-case, from which the thief had moved the cover, he had left a cushion and a graceful alabaster vase. In another mummy-case he had neglected an alabaster jar and the cover of an embroidery-box which he must have carried across the chamber to a second bed, on which it now lay beside a superb gilded chair. Near by, where the floor suddenly fell one deep step to a lower level, he had thrown, among a multitude of sealed jars, half of the gilded open-work casing which had encircled one of the mummies. Near these jars again he had propped a coffin-cover against one corner of the tomb. Here, too, he had left a third bed and one of the most important of all finds in the tomb — a chariot, the curving front and wheel-rims of which shone through the darkness golden and scarlet.

Except for its broken pole and the partly bare spokes of its gilded wheels, this chariot was in perfect condition; with the yoke already found in the corridor and a whip soon to be discovered, it lacked nothing to be complete; and, as M. Maspero later pointed out, it illustrated a dashing theory of his about the ancient Egyptians'



GILDED MUMMY-CASE FOR THE BODY OF TIOUA, WITH CONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT.



A HONEY-PITCHER OF 1700 B.C., TO WHICH WASPS STILL COME.

The pitcher, the mouth of which was covered by the torn cloth still hanging from the neck, is said to contain honey still fluid. To this a wasp came as soon as the vessel was brought to light.



IMITATION PROVISION FOR THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED: PLASTER VASES SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN FOOD.

Besides these imitation vases there were seventy-two sealed jars filled with real provisions.

THE RICHEST TREASURE-TROVE OF EGYPT'S TOMBS: HOUSEHOLD GODS OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS BY MR. THEODORE M. DAVIS AND OTHERS.



A "LOUIS XVI." CHAIR OF 1700 B.C. (1591, LEPSIUS' CHRONOLOGY).

This chair was probably merely a model for the use of the dead. It was lightly built and covered with low reliefs in fragile and thinly gilded plaster. On the side is a gazelle. On the back is the god Bes, between two figures of the goddess Taurt. The cushion is stuffed with goose-feathers. Another and finer chair is shown on this page. There was also a third, not given here, which bore a carved figure of Set-Ammon with a cat under her chair and on each side a female fan-bearer. The picture is lined with the Greek fret, proving intercourse with the Aegean.



AN EXQUISITE BED-HEAD.

The carvings, like those of the chair, are gilded, and represent the same deities. They represent the god Bes, and the hippopotamus goddess Taurt. The reliefs were of gilded ivory.



SERVANTS OF THE DEAD.

In the tomb the Egyptian dead had their "servants," represented by small figures. That on the left is of pine, the central figure of reddish wood. The head of the right-hand figure is gilded.



THE BED-HEAD FROM THE INSIDE.

The three panels are almost uniform in size with those on the outside; but the arrangement of the designs is different. They are all of the hippopotamus goddess Taurt.



THE EMPIRE STYLE IN 1700 B.C.—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE DISCOVERIES.

M. Maspero has remarked that the chair is almost of the Empire style. On the outside of the left arm are figures, gilded with Nubian gold, of Bes. On the inside are maid-servants carrying rings of gold. On the inside of the back appears Queen Tii's daughter Set-Ammon, who is twice represented on a throne. Above her is a winged solar disc, and a female slave brings her the offering of a golden collar. The legs of the chair are modelled on those of the ox. The seat is of interlaced palm fibre

THE heads are those of the two mummies found in the tomb, Ioua and Tioua (Yua and Thua), the father and mother of the famous Queen Tii (Teie) of the eighteenth



THE OWNER OF THE RELICS: HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF TIOUA, BURIED IN THE TOMB.

dynasty. She was the wife of Amenhotep III. and mother of the heretic King Amenhotep IV. To her teaching was probably due the religious



A CHARIOT "SLAIN" FOR THE USE OF THE DEAD.

The chariot had flower-like ornaments on its gilded front and crimson-rimmed wheels. The pole was broken, and Professor Maspero suggests that this was done to "kill" it and make it fit for the use of the dead. The open front was covered with stamped and gilded leather.

revolution attempted by her son. It has been conjectured that Tii, who had wished royal burial for her parents against the will of her people, laid them privately in this tomb



THE OWNER OF THE RELICS: HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF IOUA, BURIED IN THE TOMB.

with all the funeral offerings until she could publicly celebrate the obsequies with due pomp or remove the bodies to a fitter resting-place.



SLEDGE FOR THE BODY OF IOUA.

The sledge on which the body had been drawn to the tomb was covered with bitumen, except where occur the figures and stripes. These were gilded.



FROM THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING TO THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD: A BEDSTEAD 3000 YEARS OLD.

The bed, of beautiful workmanship, was evidently taken from household furniture in actual use, and was not a mere model. The carving on the head is shown in other pictures. The bottom is of braided flax. That the curve is intentional is proved by the angle of the gilded corners at the foot.



THE DRESS OR PROVISION-BASKET OF REMOTE ANTIQUITY.

The chest is of palm wood and papyrus, and is lined inside with papyrus. It has two fastenings of string, and a tray with papyrus flaps. There are openings for ventilation.

funeral rites and their views of the life after death. M. Maspero, baffled by the tomb itself, went back to the mummies of its occupants; and, candle in hand, studied the hieroglyphics on their gleaming mummy-cases. "Tioua," he read after a time; and after further study he went on, "Ioua, hereditary prince, chief friend among the friends of the sovereign."

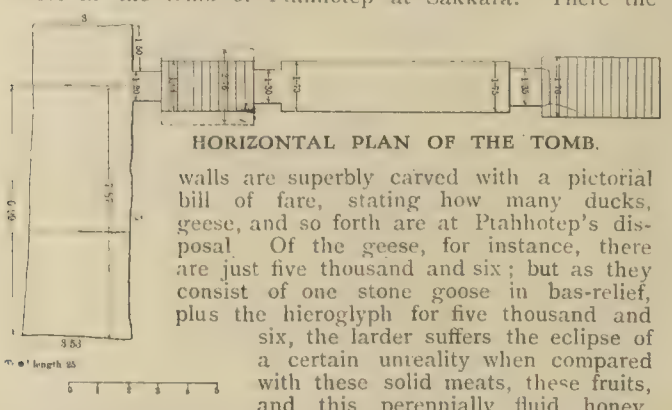
Ioua and Tioua—these were the names of the dead in the tomb; and these dead, as M. Maspero therefore knew, had been the father and mother of Tii, a much-discussed queen of the eighteenth dynasty, whose changing of the national religion had once caused such uproar and violence that the burial of her parents in the sacred Valley of the Kings would have had to be hasty and secret.

The probable history of the tomb, accordingly, was clear. During a period of unrest Queen Tii, who wished a royal burial for her father and her mother, either chose an old tomb on which work had been abandoned, or stopped work on one which was being specially hewn out. In it she had placed the mummies, with their funeral offerings, till the tomb could be reopened and finished, or its contents transferred to a fitter resting-place. Quiet times had perhaps never returned during her reign; and however that may be, the tomb had been reopened, not by Queen Tii, but first by a robber, and now, at last, by modern archæologists.

Their wish, of course, was less, like the thief's, to seize on treasure, than, like Queen Tii's, to move the funeral offerings and mummies of the dead to a place of honour and safety. The first survey over, M. Maspero and Mr. Davis left the tomb, accordingly, in charge of Mr. Quibell. With one of the Anglo-American guard of the night before, he got the necessary records in hand; and, with the same and other helpers, both English and Italian, he was soon carrying the objects in alabaster, bronze, and gilded or silvered wood cautiously out into the dazzle of Egyptian sunlight.

After such long burial, alabaster is at first curiously fragile, then firm again and strong; and gold leaf is so delicate that it may peel off at a touch. Yet alabaster and gold leaf—cloth, too, and veiling—were almost absolutely uninjured. The graceful alabaster vase, three beds, three chairs, the mummy-cases, came glowing, flashing, and glittering into the day. A box containing "canopic" jars of alabaster—jars, that is, in which the viscera of the dead are preserved; the little sentry-boxes, each of them holding a *ushapti* figure, or image of a servant for the dead; tarred objects of vague form, recognisable by archæologists as the boxes containing mummies of ducks, legs of mutton, and other meats; seventy-two sealed jars full of fruits—all these things and more emerged from their long burial, as fresh and dustless as when the tomb had first been closed. And as a certain alabaster pitcher appeared, a wasp came buzzing up and sipped what M. Maspero maintained was the still fluid honey poured into it more than three thousand years ago to satisfy the immortally human cravings of Ioua and Tioua.

Such munificent provisioning has hardly been surpassed, unless in the tomb of Ptahhotep at Sakkâra. There the



HORIZONTAL PLAN OF THE TOMB.

walls are superbly carved with a pictorial bill of fare, stating how many ducks, geese, and so forth are at Ptahhotep's disposal. Of the geese, for instance, there are just five thousand and six; but as they consist of one stone goose in bas-relief, plus the hieroglyph for five thousand and six, the larder suffers the eclipse of a certain unreality when compared with these solid meats, these fruits, and this perennially fluid honey.

So a trivial onlooker might have reflected. But when the mummies of Ioua and Tioua were carried up the steps, their faces bare to the sky, their closed eyes warmed by the sunlight, then even a hardened triviality must have failed. Dark and somewhat shrunken as they were, their look compelled awe. So living was it in its stillness, so changeless in its vitality, that death seemed only the sleep of immortality. Each face, as in life, was individual: the woman's delicate, almost wistful; the man's strong-featured and keen, with a smile of strange adroitness. And the contrast was not transient, but immutable. The essence, the very soul of each, was stamped on the body as if for eternity.

When the treasure was at last safely housed in the museum at Cairo, great was the wonder and many were the controversies which it aroused. Into these last, the sport and the duelling of archæologists, only a curiosity akin to malice could have prompted one to hurry. But some study of the treasures themselves and of their meaning was too alluring to postpone.

After the sheer mass and splendour of the whole, the importance of individual specimens was what most impressed the mind. Four of the alabaster canopic jars, with their coves delicately carved into heads, with the eyes painted white and black, were not only fine in workmanship, but almost unsurpassed. Among the ushapti figures, a few of which were wooden, one of alabaster, two gilded, and two covered with silver made exquisitely iridescent by time, at least one figure showed a perfection of modelling that ranked it very high. The impassive gold mask which had covered the face of Tioua was held by some to possess the unique importance of being the only one ever found covered with veiling; and though competent authorities



ALABASTER LID OF THE JAR SHOWN BELOW.



ALABASTER "CANOPIC" JAR CONTAINING MUMMIFIED VISCERA OF THE DEAD, SURMOUNTED BY A SMALL HEAD CARVED IN METAL.

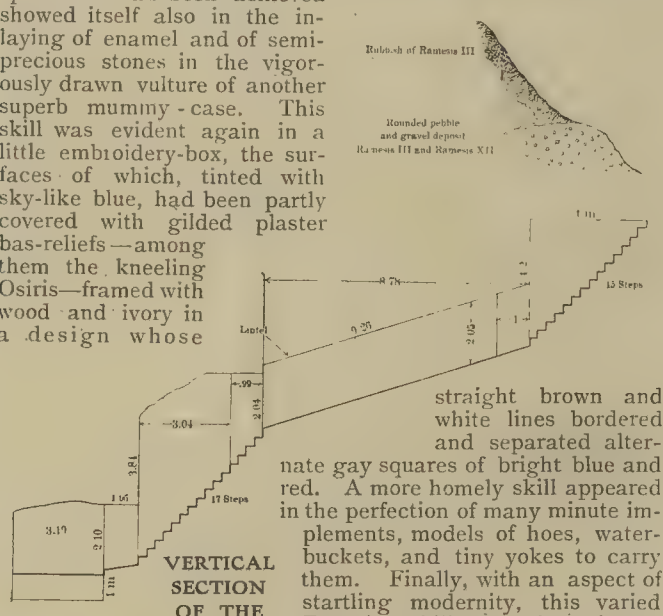
The little gilded metal head surmounts the small mummy of the viscera. When the jar is closed the little head is concealed by the large head of alabaster. The heads on the covers are most delicately carved, the eyes are painted white and black, and the whole workmanship is of unsurpassed merit. Four jars of this exquisite type were found. The inscription on the vessel is from the Book of the Dead.

pooh-poohed this whole contention, the simple beauty of the head itself, and the richness of its jasper, carnelian, and lapis lazuli inlaid necklace were patent to all. The three beds, graceful of frame, with bottoms of braided flax, marvellously intact, and heads and corners white with ivory or bright with gilded hieroglyphs and grotesque gods, were surely not to be out-ranked.

Of the three chairs, one, as M. Maspero said, seemed almost in the style of Louis XVI., and another in the style of the French Empire. All, in fact, were strangely modern; but all were of an elegance or a solidity which ranked two of them among the very few fine specimens in the world, and placed one perhaps second only to the superb chair of Hatshepsah in the British Museum. Finally the chariot, with the flower-like ornaments of its gilded front, with its crimson-rimmed wheels, its pole, and its yoke, stood out complete and excelled, if at all, only by the somewhat larger, gaunt car in Florence.

To the non-professional observer, however, intrinsic beauty made a more spontaneous appeal than questions of relative ranking; and beauty abounded both in these and in the rest of the trophies. Four small metal heads, topping the mummied contents of the canopic jars, were modelled with a formality not lacking in charm, and ornamented harmoniously with gold and brick-red and two shades of green. On a larger scale, and with greater wealth of material, the mummy-cases had much the same characteristics. Perhaps the finest of them, the mummy-like gilded figure which was one of the coverings of Tioua, had a face whose sweetly reposeful mouth was strangely uncontradicted by the steady gaze of the jet-black shining eyes. These gained only solemnity from the hard, dark-blue lines of enamel eyebrows and eyelids inlaid in the gold surrounding them. The same blue inlaid with carnelian and jasper enriched a collar-like ornament like that of the veiled mask, but ending at each shoulder in a chubby little bird's head, with deep-blue eyes and bill. Where the clenched hands were crossed on the breast, this colour, with carnelian and jasper again, was inlaid in a bracelet-like design, emphasizing the glow of the surfaces around; and these stretched to the figure's very feet, smooth, golden, untouched with colour, yet varied with delicate, very flat reliefs: first, below the breast, Osiris, kneeling with arms outstretched and wings spread beneath them; then, like the binding cloths of a mummy, one longitudinal and three widely separated transverse bands, all curiously wrought with hieroglyphic eyes, tools, owls and stars.

The skill through which such strange charm and splendour had been achieved showed itself also in the inlaying of enamel and of semi-precious stones in the vigorously drawn vulture of another superb mummy-case. This skill was evident again in a little embroidery-box, the surfaces of which, tinted with sky-like blue, had been partly covered with gilded plaster bas-reliefs—among them the kneeling Osiris—framed with wood and ivory in a design whose straight brown and white lines bordered and separated alternate gay squares of bright blue and red. A more homely skill appeared in the perfection of many minute implements, models of hoes, water-buckets, and tiny yokes to carry them. Finally, with an aspect of startling modernity, this varied Egyptian skill cropped out in the build of a ventilated rush trunk and of a large blue embroidery-box, each of which was upheld not merely at the corners by legs, but at intervening points by wooden rods in the truss-like forms of a steel bridge.



VERTICAL SECTION OF THE TOMB.

This identity of forms more than three thousand years ago and to-day made time seem to shrink and shrivel; and as one turned from trunk or embroidery-box to the blue, glazed pencil of hollow earthenware from which Tioua may have taken paint for her toilet, or to the goose-feather pillow against which she may have leaned, or the chair on the worn arms of which Ioua's hands may have rested; then she and he seemed alive again, their closed eyes seemed to open, and their gaze to meet the gaze of the mind's eye.

Fantastic as the impression was, it had a certain justification in one aspect of the objects which called it up. Unlike the vast majority of offerings found in Egyptian tombs, many of these were not mere models or symbols of meats, vases, beds, and chairs, but the things themselves. In contrast with the few small plaster models found in this tomb, the seventy-two sealed jars were hollow, real, and well filled with provisions. The vase and the honey-pitcher were equally genuine. While the charming little "Louis XVI." chair was obviously a model lightly built and covered with gilded low-reliefs in fragile and thinly gilded plaster, the "Empire" chair, with its solid wooden back deeply carved with grotesque gods, was so strongly built that, in spite of light gilding, it was almost certainly real. The third chair was doubtful; but the graceful beds must all surely have come from a house of the living. In short, as M. Maspero put it, the find, on the whole, suggested that some storeroom crowded with furniture had been emptied into the tomb.—HENRY COPLEY GREENE.



EGYPTIAN BRIC-À-BRAC IN 1700 B.C.: AN EMBROIDERY-STAND.

On the top of this stand, which is inlaid with ivory, are the names of Amenhotep III. and Queen Tii, in gilded hieroglyphics on a blue ground.

NEW AND REMARKABLE THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



DANCING IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM PLAYGROUND.



WAIST TUG-OF-WAR.

TEACHING SLUM CHILDREN TO PLAY: THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS ASSOCIATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

The Children's Happy Evenings Association exists in order to teach the children of the poorer districts how to play. The members have the use of the schools; and there they organise outdoor and indoor games. Our photographs were taken at the Virginia Schools, Shoreditch.



Photo. Gradenwitz.

A MECHANICAL DIVINING-ROD: A SPRING-FINDER.

The apparatus has been invented by a Swiss engineer. It includes a magnetic needle, which oscillates violently when the instrument is placed above a spring. The machine is being thoroughly tested by experts.



Photo. Croce.

THE EFFECTS OF THE LANDSLIDE IN NORTHERN ITALY.

Tavernola, on Lake Iseo, about fifty miles from Milan, was recently the scene of a landslide. Tremendous damage was done, and the photograph shows the wreck of the houses on the quay. About fifty yards of building along the lake shore collapsed, fortunately without injuring anyone. The cause is believed to have been erosion occasioned by the water.

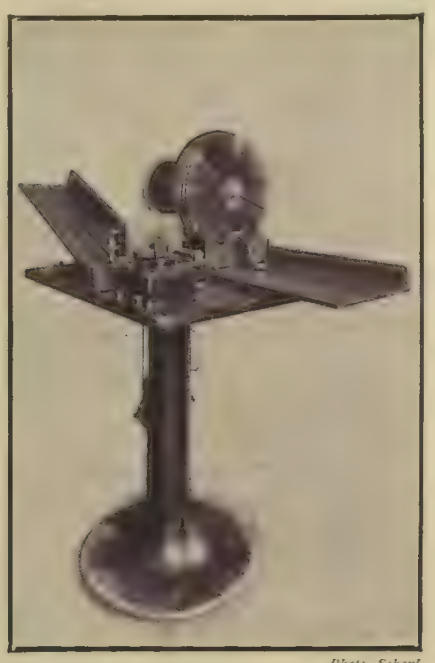


Photo. Scherl.

TO STAMP 108,000 LETTERS AN HOUR.

This instrument has been invented by a Norwegian named Krag, and has been introduced into the German Post Office. It is driven by electricity, and can stamp 108,000 letters an hour. One man can stamp 1800 in a minute.



LIFTING THE MOTOR-CYCLE ON TO THE RAILS.



THE MOTOR-CYCLE ON THE RAILS.

A NEW FRENCH MILITARY MOTOR-CYCLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS UNIVERSAL PHOTO.

The School of Railways at Versailles, under the direction of Colonel Legrand, its Director, has just carried out a series of trials destined to show the utility of a new machine, a quadrant automobile-cycle on rails, for military purposes. The cycle is moved by a motor of 2-h.p., and possesses a speed of thirty kilometres an hour; it has four seats, two in front and two behind. This cycle ran over the lines between the stations of St. Cyr and Jouy-le-Josas, and the stations of Versailles-Matelots and Poissy. It climbed with ease the incline at Jouy-le-Josas, on a gradient of 11 in 100, and that between Poissy and the tunnel of Etang-la-Ville, on an incline of 15 in 100. The firm of de Dion, Bouton, and Co. has been asked to prepare a model of a quadrant cycle furnished with a motor of 3-h.p. and with a speed of fifty kilometres an hour.

A MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES FROM BOTH HEMISPHERES.



A STRANGE FROG'S NEST FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

This curious nest, which is fully described on another page, has been sent to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington by Dr. C. Christy. It is made of froth, and inside was a mass of tadpoles.



Photo. Pierce.

A PAVEMENT OF WHALES' VERTEBRAE.

The pavement is laid in front of the old Franciscan Mission of San Carlos Borromeo at Monterey. Monterey was once a considerable whaling station, and the pavement is evidently a proof of the mission fathers' economy, or else of a desire to avoid the commonplace before their doors

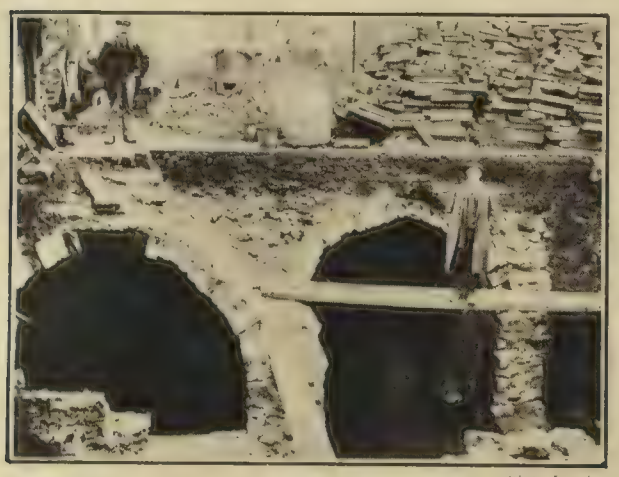


Photo. Longley.

THE REDISCOVERY OF HUDDERSFIELD'S ANCIENT WATER-SUPPLY.

An ancient well which formerly supplied the town of Huddersfield with water has just been rediscovered under the ancient market cross. The well measures 25 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 9 feet deep.



ARROWS SHOT FOR LUCK: A NIGERIAN SLAVE-RAIDING RELIC.

In a tree at Gandi, opposite Lokoja, in Northern Nigeria, is a tree into which the old slave-raiders used to shoot an arrow for luck as they marched out of the town. The arrow-heads still remain.



UNTIDY BUT VENERATED: A HOLY PLACE IN COUNTY CORK.

The grave of the Rev. Patrick Dilworth, in spite of its uncared-for appearance, is a place of pious pilgrimage for the peasantry. The crockery left on the grave contained holy water, and it is part of the observance not to take the jars away.



Photo. Cribb.

A "WRINKLE" FROM THE LATE WAR: A BRITISH CRUISER FOR MINE-SOWING.

The small cruiser "Iphigenia" has just been reconstructed for laying mines. The mines are placed on two rows of elevated rails projecting over the vessel's stern, and are dropped overboard as she proceeds.



Photo. Press

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S STATUE IN PROGRESS.

The statue is being modelled by Captain Adrian Jones. The sculptor is here shown at work in his studio, with a horse standing to him as a model.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE NIZAM ENTERTAINING THE PRINCESS AT THE CHAN WALLA PALACE, HYDERABAD.

Our Artist's drawing was made while the Princess and the Nizam were awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales to pay his return visit to the ruler of Hyderabad.

LADIES' PAGES.

THE conversion of Princess Ena of Battenberg to the Roman Catholic Church would at one time have aroused far more loud comments than it has done; but still what has been said shows some ignorance of the facts of the case. Princess Ena is by no means the first of the King's nieces to change from the Protestant Church in which they were all reared in order to fit her own to her husband's form of religion. If it comes home to us more in this case because this particular granddaughter of Queen Victoria has always lived in our midst, that does not alter the fact that the King had no more call to interfere in this case than in the other exactly similar cases in his family that have preceded it. The young Princess is a granddaughter of the late Queen, and had a German Protestant father; in just the like position were the Tsaritsa, the Grand Duchess Sergius, and the Crown Princess of Greece—the first two daughters of our Princess Alice, the last-named the daughter of our Princess Royal. The three elder Princesses have all joined the Greek Church, which is at least as alien from Protestantism as the Church of the King of Spain. Nobody wondered that our King did not interfere or expostulate with his other nieces; and his Majesty has no more obligation to do so in this than in the earlier cases. The Kaiser, whose sister is the Crown Princess of Greece, was very angry when she decided to join her husband's communion, as it had been specially arranged before her marriage that she should not be required to do so—just as it was settled for the late Duke of Edinburgh's Russian bride that she should be free to remain in the Greek Church after marrying an English Prince. But Princess Sophie of Prussia, after she had married the heir to the Greek throne, experienced the obvious inconveniences of refusing to share in the form of worship carried on in the nation over which her husband is expected to rule, and she voluntarily decided to adhere to the Greek Church accordingly; and though her brother, the German Emperor, objected, neither he nor anybody else could prevent her conversion. Such steps must be personal to the individual.

One usage peculiar to the Court of Spain is that the royal trousseau will be exhibited to all comers. Those beautiful gowns that the Princess has been choosing in Paris during the past few weeks, and the others that are being made in London, will be set up on stands; every mantle, and hat, and pair of shoes, even the exquisite linen appropriate for the royal trousseau, will be on show, and all and sundry will be admitted to gaze, in the democratic Castilian fashion. The nearest approach that we have ever known to this Spanish custom was the display of Queen Victoria's Jubilee gifts; but the trousseau is a far more *intime* affair, of course. It is not shown in the bridegroom's palace, but in some other large public building in Madrid. The Queen Mother's trousseau was shown at the offices of the Naval Ministry, but it is thought that this time the Senate House may be chosen. A military guard will keep the place night and day, for the jewellery of the new Queen is to be on show as well as the raiment.



A CORSELET GOWN FOR THE PROMENADE.

Graduated tucks adorn the skirt and form the sleeves of this spring gown in face-cloth, while the revers of white cloth cut in original fashion open over a vest of lace. Hat of crinoline with fancy plume.

If women took more interest in the honour of their sex's workers, Mrs. Browning's centenary would have been celebrated at least as widely as the musical world has been commemorating the 150th anniversary of Mozart's birth. But there are few such women as she herself speaks of in "Aurora Leigh"—the admirer of the poet's writings who "has your books by heart—'Tis pretty to remark, How women can love women of your sort, And tie their hearts with love knots to your feet." However, her hundredth birthday anniversary has not passed unnoted. The Pioneer Club has risen to the occasion, and held a special commemorative meeting. A wreath of laurel stood beside the chairman's table, and was afterwards dispatched to be laid upon the grave of the poet at Florence; and Mr. Swinburne and his friend Mr. Watts-Dunton sent to the club an offering of flowers from their own garden to honour the occasion. Miss Wynne-Matthison recited some of Mrs. Browning's poetry, and several addresses were given. The municipality of Florence, too, marked the day by placing a large wreath of flowers on the grave of the poet, while the Browning Settlement placed on her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey a wreath of flowers, with a card inscribed with her own tender words to him in a well-known sonnet, "I shall but love thee better after death." So the centenary of the greatest of English poetesses has not passed altogether unmarked, and the proposition, to which I referred several weeks ago, to place a bust of her in the Abbey near her husband's tomb, is also likely to be carried into effect soon. Up to the present, Mrs. Browning has lacked memorial tribute. She was born in Durham, but while still an infant was taken by her parents to live in the neighbourhood of Malvern, at the little town of Ledbury, where the good folks have collected money to build themselves a reading-room by calling it after her name. This E. B. Browning Institute in the out-of-the-way little place is the only memorial of the great poet that exists.

It is well that she should rest in the Italy that she loved so well, and where she found romance, health, and happy motherhood waiting for her long after the age at which such rich-coloured strands are usually woven in the stuff of life. Mrs. Browning was already known as an author before that wonderful marriage of true minds, when her poet-husband took her to Italy with such happy effects: but it was afterwards that all the best and noblest of her work was produced. Yet her long years of silent celibacy, spent for the most part on an invalid's couch, had prepared her for the flowering of her genius under the late stimulus of love; for in those secluded years she had gained culture. The Greek poets and

[Continued overleaf.



Serious Thoughts.

IT IS SURPRISING how many people there are who, while taking the greatest pains to keep their bodies clean, yet neglect the most important part—their mouth and teeth, which have such important functions to perform, the chief of which is the proper mastication of the food, on which the conduct of the digestive organs so largely depends. If, therefore, the teeth are not kept clean and free from decay, the food which should go to nourish and strengthen the body cannot be digested as it should be, and the most serious ailments, such as indigestion, and perhaps even appendicitis, are the inevitable consequences.

A Silly Mistake. It is perfect nonsense to suppose that the mouth is sufficiently attended to when the surfaces of the teeth have been scoured white with a tooth-soap or paste. The oral cavity is a hot-house for millions of germs and bacteria, and these must be daily destroyed or their development arrested if the general health, and more particularly the digestive processes, are not to suffer detriment. This, however, is possible only when the mouth and teeth are consistently cleansed and rinsed every day with the liquid dentifrice Odol.

Words of Caution. Better an ounce of prevention than a pound of cure. Persons who, in spite of repeated warnings, allow their teeth to decay are criminally neglecting their own health. Everyone who daily and regularly cleanses his mouth and teeth with Odol practises the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth in accordance with the modern scientific principles.

Good Recommendations. Our leading medical paper, *The Lancet*, in an article on the subject, No. IV., Vol. 2, 1902, p. 224, concludes by saying "Odol is a powerful antiseptic, and forms an agreeable and effective mouth wash."

Sir Gilbert Parker, the distinguished author and Member of Parliament for Gravesend, writes: "I have tried your Odol and find it very satisfactory. I should think it would be a boon to the public."

Sir Charles Wyndham, the famous Actor-Manager, says: "It affords me very great pleasure to add my testimony to the many encomiums which have been passed on the merits of Odol. Its general characteristics must by now be thoroughly well known to the public, and so must the advantages to be derived from the use of a preparation which is at once so beneficial, so stimulating, and so pleasant."

World-wide Reputation Unequalled. There is not a civilised country in which Odol is not known as the greatest preparation for cleansing and preserving the teeth and mouth in the world, and the millions of bottles of Odol which are sold every year afford an irrefragable proof of the universality of its use as it is of the favour with which it has been received. These two facts, indeed, speak louder than anything else of the excellence of the preparation, which can be compared only to itself, for it has no parallel.

A Proverb and an Exhortation. A sweet breath is better than a soft answer: it puts both those who possess and those who come into contact with it in a good temper. Use Odol and you will have many friends. Odol sweetens the breath and makes conversation enjoyable. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours: "Sweet Rose," delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, and "Standard Flavour," preferred by some on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect.

True Statements. Odol is used by dentists themselves. It is said, and with reason, that good teeth are a presage of long life. All should, therefore, keep their teeth sound and intact; and this may be easily effected by using the liquid dentifrice Odol. The importance of the entirely new, and quite unique, action of Odol should be understood. Whilst all other dentifrices act only at the moment when they are applied, Odol, on the contrary, exerts its antiseptic influence continuously *for hours after the mouth has been cleansed with it.* Odol penetrates the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, impregnating them and leaving an antiseptic deposit on the surface, thus securing an after-effect *for hours*, which no other dentifrice can produce, not even approximately. Owing to this characteristic, *peculiar only to Odol*, fermentation is absolutely arrested, and the healthy condition of mouth and teeth assured.



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dramatists had been her familiar study; some of her earlier work, of course you remember, was to translate the living thought of Greece from the dead tongue; and herein she was from the first apart from the ordinary run of women poets, that she stood upon the heights to which the mind is raised by knowledge of the greatest thought of the past before she herself began to utter. But, withal, her speech was original. She thought for herself; and within that fragile form was the courage to utter truly what she thought—to be a voice, not an echo. In her writings, and in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," we hear the earliest murmur of that claim for a wider sphere for women that has since their day become a commonplace, but in their time was a bold affront to opinion. When Mrs. Browning wrote that if a man "sees the woman as the complement of his sex merely," he "misconceives the case"; or when she declared "The honest, earnest man must stand and work—The woman likewise, otherwise she drops Below the man, accepting serfdom"; or when she complained that "A woman's disallowed Maturing by the outdoor sun and air, And kept in long-clothes past the age to walk"—she was uttering new thoughts with rare courage for her time, everybody's word though they have since become; and, moreover, truths based *au fond* on economic changes, not on poetic sympathy. But it is her emotional poetry, after all, that will keep her memory green—above everything, it is the matchless "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the most superb expression ever given to pure womanly passionate love.

An interesting question is what is going to be offered to those of us to whom the suddenly popular Princess or corselet gown is too trying; for many such there be! A dumpy, too-plump shape will be sadly "left to itself" if it adopts this style. There will be a quick fashionable revulsion against it, too, most likely, as soon as the little dressmaker gets to work on a fashion of building a costume that above all demands a masterly cut and a close fit over good corsets. Well, what is to be offered as a variation from this already too-popular and difficult style? The tailor-made coat and skirt will solve the problem for morning wear; and bodices slightly fulled into a moderately deep-shaped belt are by no means *démodé*; but as for actual novelty, the only style that has yet appeared in rivalry to the close-fitting corselet and Princess frocks is one that slightly recalls the Elizabethan. This had a corsage fitted to the figure, but relieved by some folds, and brought down to a deep point in front, with a short basque sitting well out from the hips. The basque did not come round to the front, but stopped short when brought a little forward from the hips, where the deep point began its gradually sloped line down to the front. Meantime, every woman who begins to talk chiffons tells you that she is having a corselet gown made, with or without a bolero, for her first new spring frock.

Embroideries will be more used the further the season advances. As the sun gains in strength, and wraps can be dispensed with, the dainty and costly needlework, and the applied passementeries that are scarce distinguishable from embroidery done on the material, become worth the cost, as they can be adequately displayed, and they at once raise the dress on which they appear out of the commonplace. Crystal and pearl and tinted beads, and every shade of delicate colour in silks and fine ribbon embroideries, all are used to adorn the new cashmere, crêpe-de-Chine, and silk muslin gowns. Brocaded and chêne and printed patterned silks, too, are to be used largely; while tailed afternoon coats of silk or the softest chiffon velvet in the Directoire or Louis XVI. style are worn with appropriate skirts, forming at once corsage and outdoor garment. Watered or moiré chiffon taffetas is a novelty that is very effective, and that will be used both for evening and afternoon dresses. The multitude of pretty printed muslins, chêne soft silks, mercerised cotton voiles, and éoliennes in charming colours that are already displayed foretell that the general effect of the dresses of the warm season will be enchanting.



A SMART WALKING COSTUME.

This little frock is at once smart and useful. It is built in serviceable blue serge with white cloth collar, cuffs, and belt, on to which it fastens by tabs and buttons. Panama hat trimmed with cock's feathers.

The usual spring sale of the Royal Irish Industries Association takes place on St. Patrick's Day and the previous day at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square. Tickets may be had of the Honorary Organiser, Mr. J. S. Wood, 23, Motcomb Street, W. These annual sales are under the patronage of the King and Queen, and the Duchess of Albany has kindly consented to open the sale. The opportunity of seeing one of the most beautiful of the London great houses is an attraction. In Lansdowne House, the range of reception-rooms on the ground floor is exceptionally spacious and of beautiful design, being one of the finest pieces of architectural and decorative work of the Brothers Adam. These brothers' charming adaptation of ancient Greek designs to modern English uses deserves to be seen where it can be found, and Lansdowne House is a splendid example. It is filled with beautiful works of art.

Lent used to be more observed in respect of the table than it is now; and, apart from the religious aspect of the matter, there is no doubt in the minds of doctors that it was a salutary custom to eat much less meat for a few weeks of the year than people do as a rule. There are many dainty dishes known to the French cook to be made without meat that we do well to look up at this season, for the spring change of temperature—"climbing May Hill," as our ancestresses called it—tries the constitution inevitably, and to disregard that fact is a mistake. Especially in soups, the French make *potages maigres* that are as delicious as possible without any meat in the stock. These must, in the nature of the case, be thick soups; and then a dozen different substances can be employed at once to flavour and thicken a stock of milk or plain water. Arrowroot, tapioca, lentil-flour, rice and barley, used one after the other as thickening, with onions, celery, potatoes, carrots, and the rest of the vegetable products for flavouring, will make a variety of excellent Lenten soups as delicious as they are healthful. Beaten-up eggs or a little cream and butter can be added to give a richer flavour. FILOMENA.



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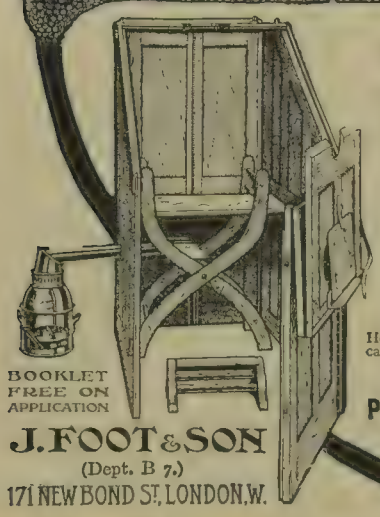


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ART NOTES.

IT is not difficult to have a favourite among the many exhibitions now open, and M. Le Sidaner's Venetian pictures, "Venise: du Crépuscule à la Nuit," at the Goupil Gallery, appeal to one's affections. His view of the city is intimate, his conception of light is intimate; and intimacy, where there is beauty, makes for love. Venice has been much observed within our own memory by her artists: a convention of her has blinded painters to the reality, but quite recently she has been twice re-discovered, once by Mr. Sargent, now by M. Le Sidaner. It is true that Mr. Sargent's water-colours and M. Le Sidaner's oil-paintings show us a widely differing place; but truth is multitudinous, and truth has been very definitely, even startlingly, rendered in both these cases. M. Le Sidaner is the painter of white, the master of white. White is so dear to him that he will make it the motive of his canvases, the goal of the onlooker's eye; and white being so prevalent, and therefore so forgotten a colour, this is unaccustomed honour. The sketches leading to the accomplishment of the finished pictures are also shown in the same Gallery.

A varied collection of water-colours by Mr. Frank Wasley is exhibited at the new Mendoza Galleries in Bond Street. This artist has a far-reaching ambition — most valuable of studio properties — and a far-reaching eye, which has seen many lovely things from Land's End to Venice, from Scarborough to Spain. Mr. Wasley has even a vaulting ambition, for he by no means rests content to be one of England's water-colourists of fair gardens, who are legion. He has reconstructed Ancient Rome in a drawing bearing that title; and in "Early Morning, Venice," masts, domes, temples, and churches are grouped in Turneresque pageantry. Turner, indeed, is often emulated by Mr. Wasley. "The Feast of the Immaculate Conception" is a subject which has given Mr. Wasley many fine contrasts of colour, in the vestments, the stained-glass windows, the shafts of light, and the grey vastness of the Cathedral interior. There is something of drama in the drawing entitled "Off Land's End: In Distress," while the most charming of all those forming this exhibition is perhaps the "Backwater, Pangbourne."



Photo. Picrce.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE THEOSOPHISTS IN AMERICA.

"The School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity" has been instituted by Mrs. Tingley. It is situated at Port Loma, San Diego, California.

While Sir John Day's picture-gallery is a-building, the pleasure of the study of his excellent collection of Dutch water-colour drawings may be had at Messrs. Obach's Gallery in Bond Street. These water-colours form only a small part of Sir John Day's collection, which since the partial dispersal of the treasures of the late Mr. Staats-Forbes may be considered, in some respects, the best that an Englishman holds of modern works. The Dutch water-colourists, with all their real accomplishment, and all their sense of effect, all their appreciation of Nature's and the palette's store of colour, have never flashed the signal of genius. They are many; the achievement is consistently high; their drawings are charming and instructive; but by ill chance, it is impossible to say more than this; real inspiration has never come to them. How admirable up to a high point are Mr. Mesdag's two large marine drawings, with their clean spaciousness of atmosphere that belongs only to the sea, with their study of elaborate and flying cloud-forms, with their cunning contrast of the masts of fishing-boats, whose height is made to look as nothing with the expanses of sky and sea! Mr. Weissenbruch's "Near Antwerp" is full of beautiful light shadowy colour; Mr. Jacob Maris's "A Rainy Day" has the delicate keenness of a drawing by Harpignies, thus making another link between the greater art of France and the great art of Holland. Willem Maris, Anton Mauve, J. Bosboom, and Josef Israels are the other principal representatives of the art which they have themselves revived in their own country.

At the rooms of the Fine Arts Society Mr. Fulleylove shows a series of admirable water-colours of London. As the world's greatest city, London perhaps has been rather neglected by the arts. When some few Elizabethan outbursts and Wordsworth's sonnet have been catalogued it is difficult to name much great song in her honour; and when a great Constable, some few Turners and some more Whistlers have been seen there



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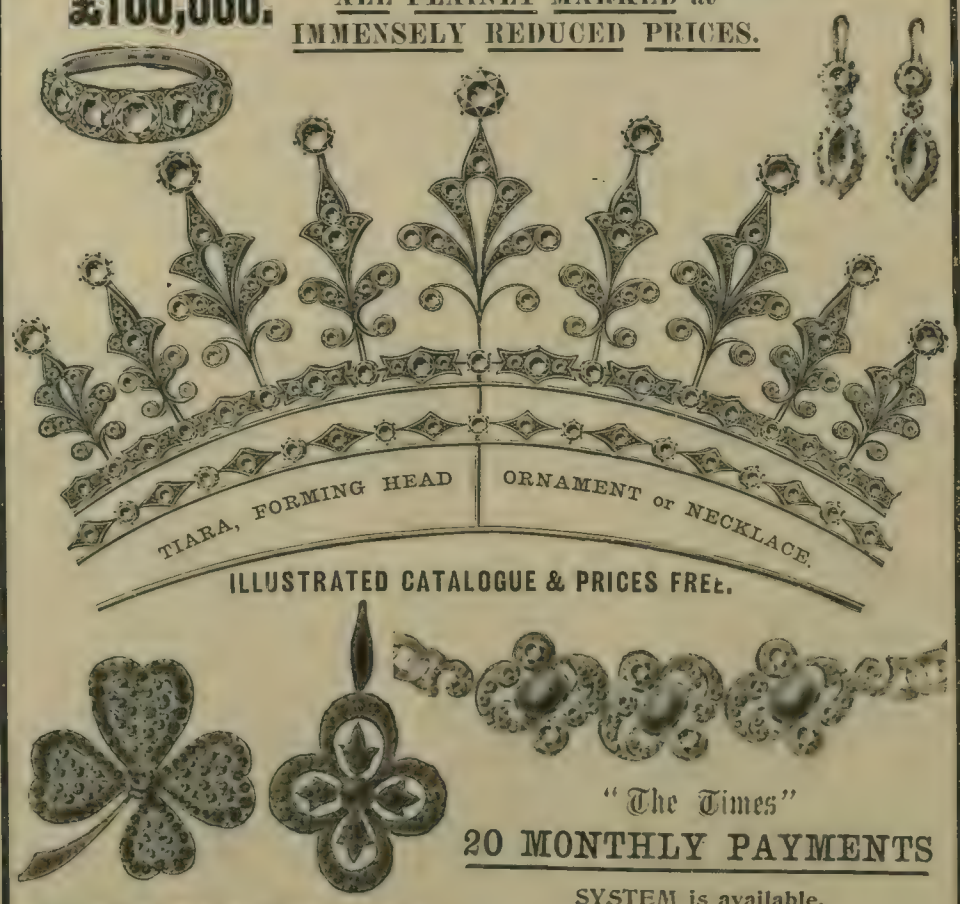
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is little picturing of her to remember. Her inspiration, nevertheless, is always there; and it has become the fashion, since Meryon's etchings are so much studied, for modern art to dwell on walls, the inner and the outer, on streets, on town skies, and town rivers. We find Mr. Fulleylove very much at ease and at the height of his talent in these drawings. Mr. Nicholson would perhaps have given us a truer general impression, Mr. Cameron a more haunting picture; but Mr. Fulleylove has portrayed the detail with much care and character. A great ability for architectural design is shown in the two interior studies of St. Paul's Cathedral, though in the smaller there is the greater vivacity, a quality that will make the most familiar bricks smile with a new recognition. It is a pleasing London and a pleasing art that is found in Mr. Fulleylove's drawings. W. M.



Photos. Brocherel.

AN UNCONQUERED HIMALAYAN PEAK: MANDA DEVI.

Mr. E. G. Longstaff lately attempted to climb Manda Devi, but had to give up at an altitude of 19,700 feet. The photograph is of the Eastern Peak.



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On his return from Manda Devi, Mr. Longstaff visited the small Tibetan village of Taklakar, near which he found in a cave these Tibetan votive tablets wrought in clay. They are inscribed with prayers and invocations.

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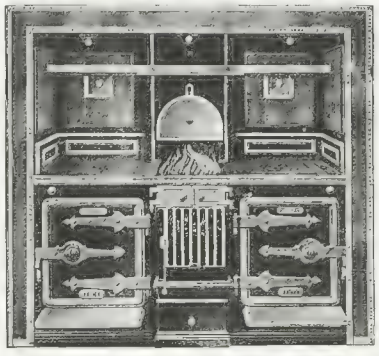
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MUSIC.

IF Dr. Strauss's music is not readily intelligible even to the rank and file of his admirers when it is written in his more abstruse moods, his work is at least readily understood and clearly appreciated when he comes down to the level of ordinary composers. We do not suggest that his "Taillefer," presented to London after it had secured a preliminary hearing and much preliminary discussion at the Bristol Festival last autumn, approaches the commonplace in any way. It does not, and any suggestion to that effect would be distinctly unjust; but the choral ballad, founded upon Uhland's well-known verses, is written with a simplicity that was, of course, almost necessary under the circumstances, and comes as a relief to the people whose admiration of Strauss is often obscured, in spite of their best endeavours, by the noise that he makes. To be sure, "The Battle of Hastings," which, by the way, should surely be "The Battle of Senlac," cannot always be described without a noise that suggests pandemonium, and there are passages in which *tutti* seems to be the keynote of the effect, and the composer is not inclined to let any single note of the chromatic scale pass him by. Happily, there is much more in "Taillefer" than mere orchestral exuberance. There is a fine quality of picturesque writing, and there are many moments when the blood of the most sluggish listener must needs be stirred. To the presentation of the work Mr. Henry Wood may well have devoted many rehearsals, for the smoothness of the performance was surprising, even when we remember that the Queen's Hall Orchestra was responsible for it. The audience showed the same marked appreciation of the master that they have displayed so consistently during the various performances of the "Sinfonia Domestica" and other work that is now familiar, and the reproach of being attracted by mere eccentricity in music must now be removed from us. Strauss is taking his place in spite of his eccentricities, not on account of them. It was inevitable that a new convention should affect us first by reason of its novelty in thought and expression rather than by the quality of the message it embodied. Whether Richard Strauss finds his gifts narrowed in any sense by the necessities of writing for a chorus is a point more worthy of careful consideration than prolonged discussion. Certainly "The Battle of Hastings" follows more conventional lines than any of the compositions we have heard from the composer in the past three or four years.

M. Colonne's appearance at the Queen's Hall was the occasion of a very interesting concert, of which the first item was the "Carnaval Romain" by Berlioz, for whose music the great French conductor has always shown a large measure of appreciation. The performance was a very beautiful one, and had the usual effect of making us wonder why we hear so little of this



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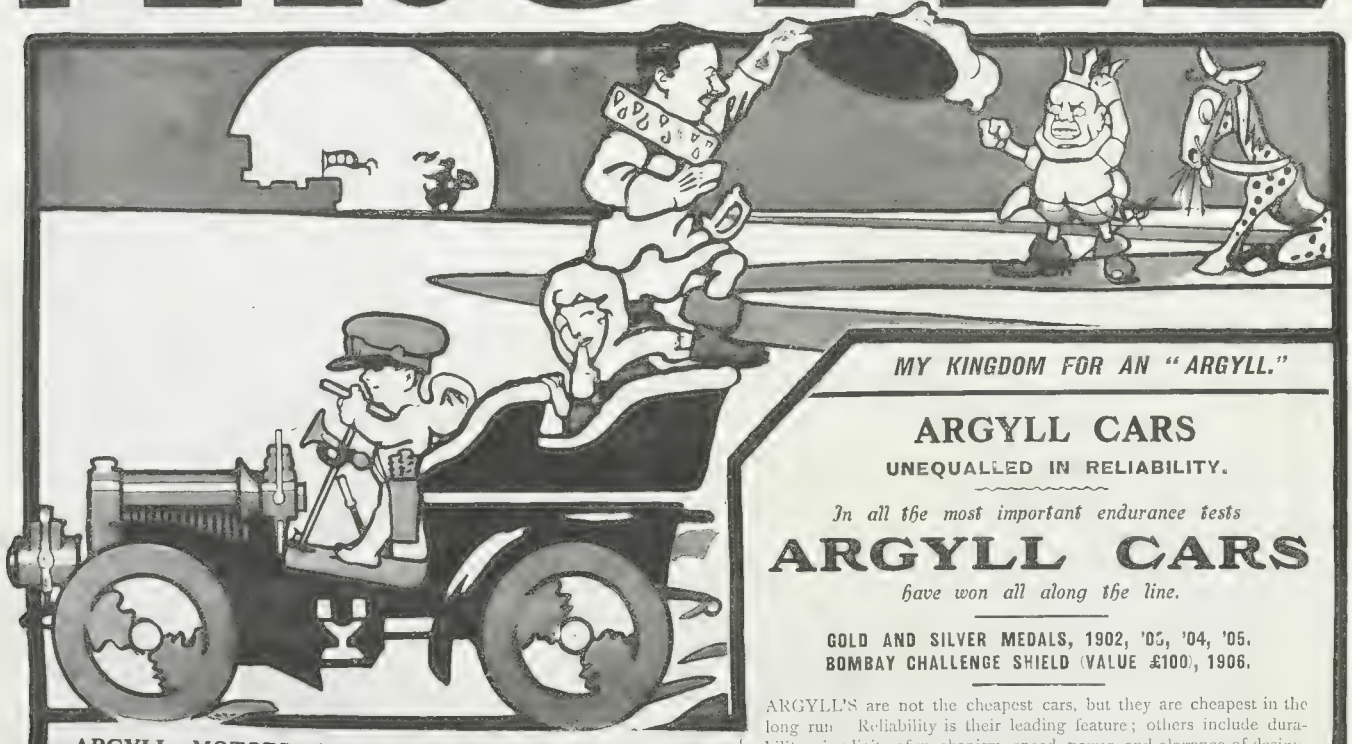
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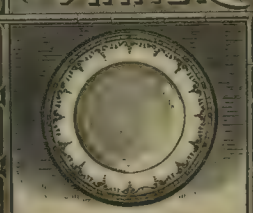
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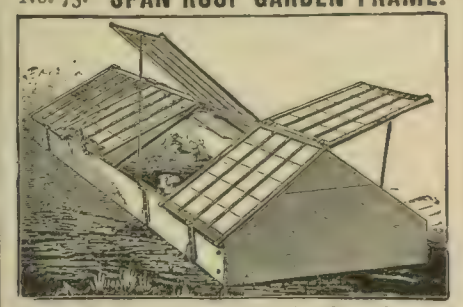


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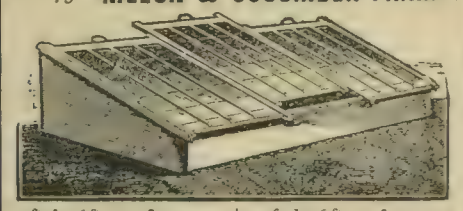
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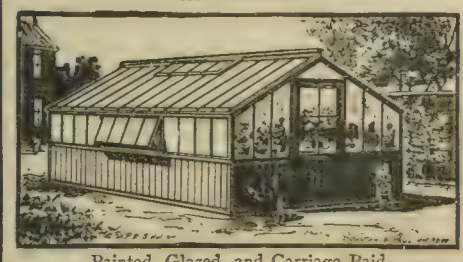
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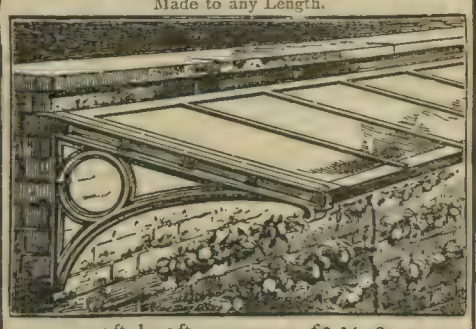


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master's music in London. Perhaps it requires a special temperament to secure an interpretation that shall be convincing; but it may not be unreasonable to suggest that many of the orchestral devices that startled amateurs when Berlioz used them for the first time have now been made quite familiar by more modern composers, who do not halt at setting down the most appalling discords—in order that they may show their wonderful skill in resolving them. The incidental music written by Schumann for Byron's "Manfred" was rendered so exquisitely that an encore was demanded for part of it, and for once the demand and its concession seemed perfectly legitimate. In the "Tannhäuser" Overture, of which the Paris version was given, we thought that M. Colonne was less happy. Apparently for purposes of contrast, he took the Pilgrims' Chorus very slowly at first, and so quickly when it was repeated that the sense of dignity and proportion was sacrificed for effects that seemed to be more associated with melodrama than opera. The break between the overture and the Venusberg music, though perhaps reasonable enough, was rather disconcerting. M. Colonne's reading of Tchaïkovsky's Fourth Symphony was curiously interesting, because it was essentially a Latin version of Slavonic music. The Russian was seen through the medium of an alien interpreter, for M. Colonne would seem to have nothing in common with the morbid, introspective Slav, who could not, perhaps, have written any musical expression of the special joy of life in which the Latin races abound.



Photo. Kerry.

A CHORUS OF CHARMING TONGA WOMEN.

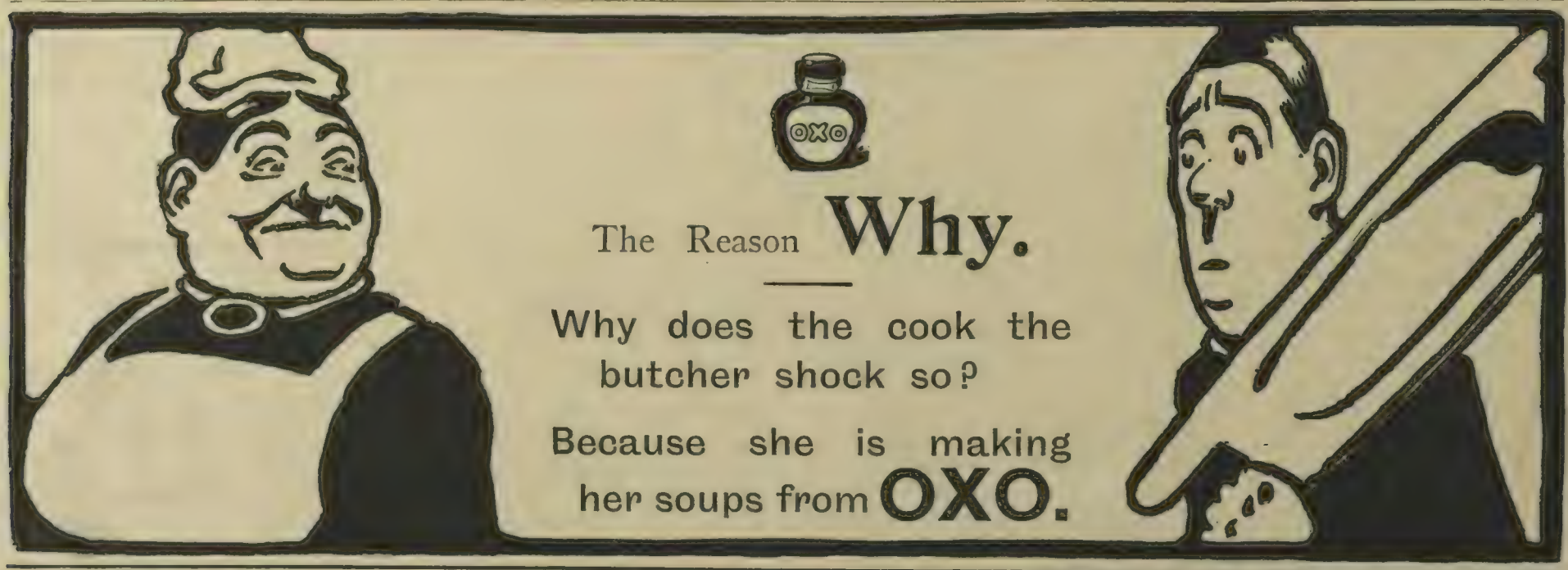


Photo. Exclusive News Agency.

INDIGNANT WITH BRITAIN: KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

THE RECENT POLITICAL AND ATMOSPHERIC TROUBLES IN TONGA.

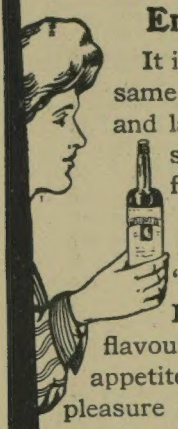
The Tonga Islands, which, as we noted last week, were swept by a tornado, have also their political troubles. King George has threatened to abdicate as a protest against what he calls the rudeness of the British Consul, who has advocated the construction of a public road through the King's private grounds. The Consul states that the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific desires the road, to which King George replies that it is an outrage which would never have been attempted but for the fact that Great Britain possesses a larger army and navy than his.





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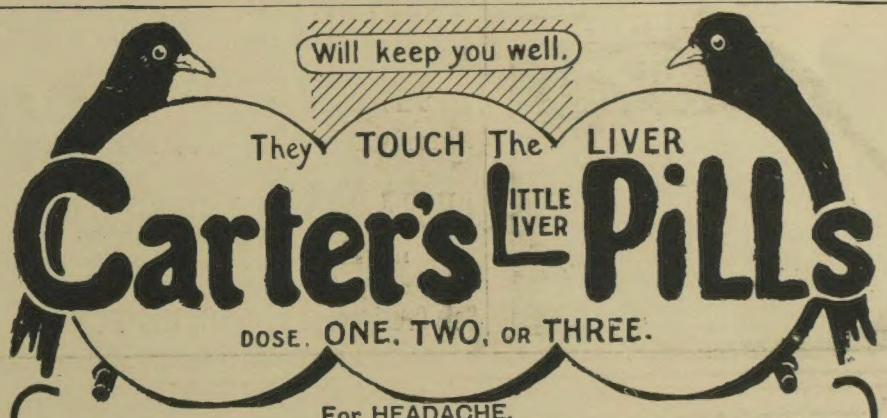
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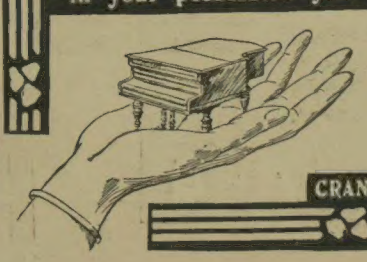
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

CANON ROBERTSON, Vicar of Bradford, will resign in June on account of ill-health. For some time before his recent serious illness, he had been feeling the strain of this arduous city charge, and his doctor has now ordered him to take ten months' complete rest in Cornwall.

It is now expected that a sum ot £30,000 will be required for the restoration of Winchester Cathedral, as there has been a further fall of débris on the floor of the retro-choir. The vaulting over Waynflete's Chapel has been found, on close examination, to be seriously defective, and means are being taken to secure the beautiful chantry from damage in the event of any portion falling.

The Bishop of Birmingham pleads, in his diocesan magazine, for a more general use of some of the older hymns, which are now hardly ever chosen for public worship. Among these he mentions "O for a heart to praise my God," by Wesley; "Lord, it belongs not to my care," by Baxter; "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet," by Cowper; and "Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve," by Wesley.

Mr. Asquith will be one of the speakers at next Monday's meeting on behalf of the East London Church Fund. The Lord Mayor will preside, addresses will be given by the Bishops of London, Stepney, and Islington. This is certain to be one of the most interesting Mansion House gatherings of the year.

The Bishop of London was unable to make a long speech at last week's great missionary meeting in the Alexandra Palace, as his voice was suffering from the effects of his many mission services. "The test of Christianity," he said, "was the desire to pass it on to others who had not yet received the benefits." He urged his hearers to remember that when missionary enterprise ceased there was no promise of the presence of Christ in the Church. Earnest addresses were given by Bishop Montgomery, Bishop Ingham, and Father Waggett.

In one of his mission addresses Dr. Winnington-Ingram dealt with the subject of Sunday work and recreation. "Charles Kingsley," he said, "went to the heart of the matter when he would not allow his own children to have any form of a game on Sunday, but he allowed the boys in his own parish who had no other day on which to play." The Bishop added that if a boy had been at the early service, and on Sunday morning to church with his family, he might enjoy his walk or cycle-ride afterwards without its being regarded as a sin.

Canon Knox Little, who is always eagerly welcomed by London congregations during Lent, is not in good health, and has been forbidden by his doctors to undertake extra work at present.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to Oxford House was much appreciated by the residents, as well as by the working men who gather on Sunday afternoons at the Excelsior Baths. This men's service has developed remarkably since the early days, when only seventy or eighty listeners assembled weekly in the little hall belonging to the House. Now there is an average attendance of three hundred and upwards.

Father Stanton is drawing large congregations to his Monday evening services at St. Alban's, Holborn, and his sermons have been most impressive. Speaking from the text, "Repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," he said: "In the heavens there is a constellation called Gemini—the twins—two beautiful stars. In the heaven of our hopes there are these two beautiful stars to guide us across the dark waters home—repentance and faith."

Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. Edward Terry are among the latest contributors to the funds of the Church Army.

V.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Dec. 3, 1905) of MRS. CONSTANCE SLADEN, of 13, Hyde Park Gate, and Northbrook Park, near Exeter, who died on Jan. 17, has been proved by Yarborough Anderson, the brother, Mrs. Ellen Walker, the sister, and Godfrey Walker, the value of the real and personal estate being £329,808. The testatrix gives the Northbrook Park estate, all her furniture, and £90,000 to her sister, Mrs. Walker; £30,000 to her brother Yarborough, with an additional £7000 to be used, if he so desires, for scientific purposes; £30,000 to her brother Tempest; £7000 each to Stuart and Ernest Sladen; £8000 each to Vernon and Asheton Sladen; £7000, in trust, for Julia Sladen; £8000 each, in trust, for Constance and Florence Sladen and Katharine Pocock; £5000 to Lieut.-Colonel George A. Hughes; £1000 to the Exeter Museum; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister, Mrs. Walker.

The will (dated March 15, 1905), with a codicil, of MR. ALFRED HYAM DE PASS, of The Hook, Northaw, Herts, and the Stock Exchange, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on March 3 by Charles Benjamin de Pass, and Horatio Aaron de Pass, the brothers, Harry de Pass, the son, and Frank Enticknap, the value of the real and personal estate being £113,103. The testator gives to his wife £200, and during her widowhood the income from £17,500, or from £7500 should she again marry; £500 to King Edward's Hospital Fund; £250 to Dr. Barnardo's Homes; £150 to the Ragged School Union; £100 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and legacies to relatives and executors. He appoints his share of the funds under the will of his father, subject to the interest of Mrs. de Pass, to his children Harry, Fred, Jack, Dennis, Geoffrey, and Bryan, and on the decease or remarriage of his wife, he gives £2000 each in trust for his children Cecil and Nellie.

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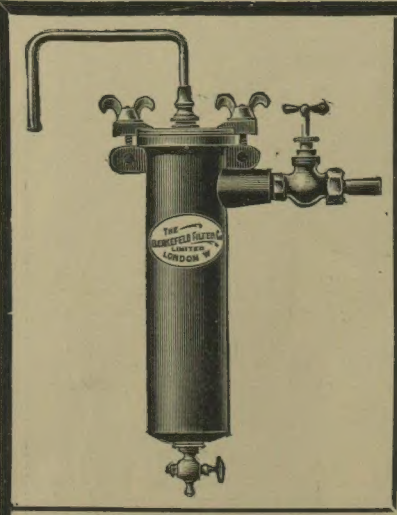
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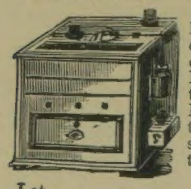
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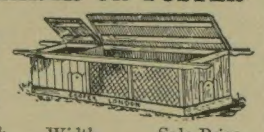


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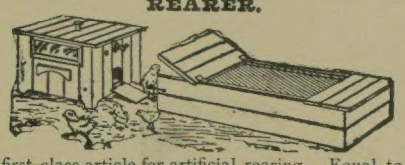
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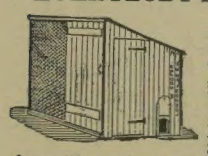


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Floor and wheels, strongly made, 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d. extra respectively. Outside woodwork painted with our Rot-proof Composition 10 per cent. extra.

EVERYBODY'S POULTRY HOUSE.



Complete in five sections, simply screwed together. A child can erect it in five minutes. Bang up-to-date. Made of good, sound, well-seasoned, tongued, grooved match-boards, on strong framework. Front partly covered with Wire Netting, and fitted with Improved Sliding Ventilating Shutter, complete with perches, nest-box, lock, key, &c.

Lot.	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
322	6 0	4 0	1 5 0	1 0 0
323	7 0	5 0	1 10 0	1 4 0
324	9 0	6 0	1 15 0	1 8 0

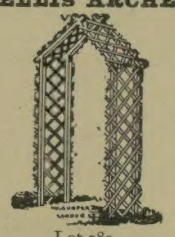
TRELLIS ARCHES.

FLOWER STANDS.



Lot. 781.

4ft. long, 2ft. 6in. high. Suitable for Greenhouse, Garden, or Dwelling House, &c. Usual Price, 4s. each. Sale Price, 3s. 3d.



Lot 782.

Strong, portable, and painted. Usual price, 6s. 6d.; sale price, 4s. 6d. each.

PORTABLE HUT.



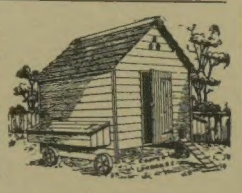
Substantially constructed of well-seasoned tongued and grooved boards on strong framing. Roof of tongued and grooved boards covered with Asphaltic Roofing Felt. Made in complete sections, and easily erected in a few minutes. These huts can be used for poultry or as cycle houses, workshops, dark rooms, tool and potting sheds, and numerous other purposes.

Lot	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
361	6 0	4 0	1 18 6	1 12 6
362	7 0	5 0	2 12 6	2 0 0
363	9 0	6 0	3 2 6	2 7 6

If complete with a good stout floor on strong joists, 4s. 6d., 7s., 10s extra respectively.

Outside woodwork painted with our Patent Rot-proof Composition, 10 per cent. extra.

THE "PIONEER" POULTRY HOUSE.



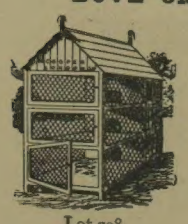
Constructed 1-inch Feather-edge Boards. Made in sections to facilitate erection. Complete with floor, on strong joist, and fitted with strong iron wheels. Projecting nest boxes, with easy access to same; perches, ladder, hooks or traces, &c., &c.

Lot.	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
382	6 0	4 0	3 5 0	2 17 0
383	7 0	5 0	4 0 0	3 5 0
384	9 0	6 0	5 5 0	4 4 0

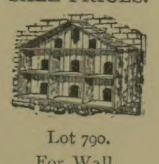
If outside wood painted with our Rot-proof Composition, 10 per cent. extra.

DOVE OR PIGEON COTES.

SALE PRICES.



Lot 798.
Three-tier, £1 10s.

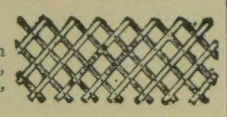


Lot 790.
For Wall.
5 holes, 18s. 6d.
7 holes, 23s. 0d.
9 holes, 25s. 6d.



Lot 796.
For 8 pairs (on pole), £1 10s.

PLANED EXTENDED TRELLIS.



Best Quality. 3in mesh. Lot 786a.

For Climbing Plants, Lawn Tennis and Croquet Lawns, Training Creeping Plants, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.

Size when open. Long. ft.	High. ft.	Unplaned. 2nd Quality. s. d.	Planed. Best Make. s. d.
12 by 1	... ...	0 6	1 9
12 by 1½	... ...	0 8	2 0
12 by 2	... ...	0 10	3 0
12 by 2½	... ...	1 0	3 6
12 by 3	... ...	1 2	4 0
12 by 3½	... ...	1 5	4 6
12 by 4	... ...	1 9	5 6
12 by 5	... ...	2 4	6 6
12 by 6	... ...	3 10	8 0

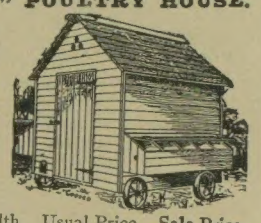
FELT.

Special Sale Price.

Patent Asphaltic Roofing Felt. Roll 25 yds. long by 32 in. wide. A—3s. 6d. per roll; 6 for 20s; 12 for 38s.; 50 for £7 10s. B—4s. 6d. per roll; 6 for 25s.; 12 for 48s.; 50 for £9 10s.

Nails for fixing Felt (in boxes), 250 6d., 500 1s.

THE "RENOWN" POULTRY HOUSE.



Strongly made in sections, of good, sound, well-seasoned, feather-edge boards, on strong frame. Projecting Nests on each side. Complete with perches, hooks for traces, etc. Made in following sizes, and carefully packed on rail at the respective prices—

Lot.	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
391	5 0	3 6	2 5 0	1 16 0
392	6 0	4 0	2 10 0	2 0 0
393	7 0	5 0	2 17 6	2 7 6

If fitted with Floor and Wheels, as Illustration, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 15s. extra respectively.

Outside painted Rot-proof Composition 10 per cent. extra.

THE "RELIANCE" POULTRY HOUSE.

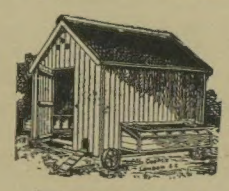


Constructed of ⅝ in. tongued and grooved boards, on strong frame. Roof of tongued and grooved boards covered with Asphaltic Roofing Felt. Projecting nest boxes at one end, with easy access to same from outside. Complete with perches, ladder, floor, and wheels on strong axles.

Lot.	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
368	5 0	3 6	2 5 0	1 16 0
369	6 0	4 0	2 15 0	2 4 0
370	7 0	5 0	3 5 0	2 12 6
371	8 0	6 0	3 17 6	3 2 6

Outside woodwork, painted with our Rot-proof Composition, 10 per cent. extra.

THE "PREMIER" POULTRY HOUSE.



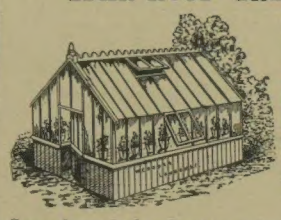
Constructed of good, sound, well-seasoned, ⅝ in. tongued and grooved boards on strong frame. Roof of tongued and grooved boards. Covered outside with patent asphaltic roofing felt. Made in sections, and can be erected by any handy man in a few minutes. Complete with projecting nest-boxes, perches, &c.

Lot.	Length. ft. in.	Width. ft. in.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
378	6 0	4 0	2 12 6	1 16 0
379	7 0	5 0	3 0 0	2 5 0
380	8 0	6 0	3 15 0	2 15 0
381	9 0	6 0	3 17 6	3 0 0

If fitted with Strong Floor and Wheels, as Illustration, 12s., 15s., 16s., 17s. 6d. extra respectively.

If outside woodwork painted with our Rot-proof Composition, 10 per cent. extra.

SPAN-ROOF GREENHOUSES.



Framework substantially constructed of deal, lower part being filled in with sound, well-seasoned matchboards, is fitted with door, complete, with rim lock and brass furniture, painted one coat of good oil-colour, all necessary ironwork, and stages for each side, and good 16 oz. glass throughout.

Securely packed and put on rail at the following prices—

Lot.	Long.	Wide.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
36	9ft.	6ft.	3 15 0	3 3 0
38	10ft.	7ft.	4 10 0	3 12 6
40	12ft.	8ft.	5 15 0	4 12 6
43	15ft.	9ft.	7 10 0	6 0 0
46	20ft.	10ft.	9 15 0	7 15 0
47	25ft.	10ft.	13 0 0	10 5 0

Tarred sleepers to erect this house on, 3d. per foot extra; 21 oz. glass throughout. 10 per cent. extra.

PORTABLE IRON COTTAGE.

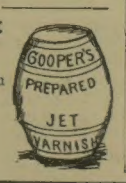


Cottage, containing 4 rooms; 2 bedrooms 9ft. by 7ft., sitting-room 13ft. by 14ft., and kitchen 13ft. by 7ft. Everything complete. Flooring, match-lining, felt, gutters, glass, iron, made in sections, &c., ready for fixing. Sale price, £37 10s.

Lot 696.

IMPERIAL BLACK VARNISH

Lot 523.



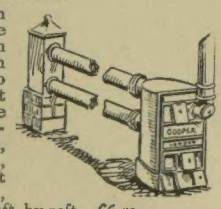
For Iron Fences, Wood Palings, Farm Buildings, Poultry Houses, &c.

40-gall. casks, Usual price, £1 17s. 6d. Sale price, £1 7s. 6d. (cask included).

5-gall., can included, 5s.

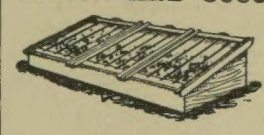
"INVINCIBLE" HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

Lot 860. TENANT'S FIXTURE.



Most efficient and cheapest in existence. Cost of complete Apparatus for Greenhouses with 4 in. pipes, flow and return along one side, cut and fitted, so that if the internal measurement of the Greenhouse is given the Apparatus will be sent completely ready for fixing. Size of house, 7ft. by 5ft., £2 15s.; 9ft. by 6ft., £3; 10ft. by 7ft., £3 2s. 6d.; 12ft by 8ft., £3 5s.; 15ft. by 10ft., £4 5s.; 20ft. by 10ft., £5 5s.; 25ft. by 10ft., £6 5s.

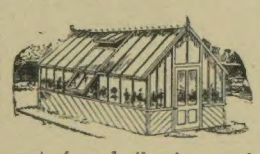
MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAMES.



Substantially constructed of 1¼in. thoroughly well-seasoned boards, lights 2in. thick, glazed 21oz. glass. Painted two coats.

Lot	1-Light Frames.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
275	3ft. 6in by 3ft.	0 15 0	0 11 6
276	4ft. by 3ft.	0 18 0	0 13 6
279	6ft. by 4ft.	1 8 0	1 1 0
	2-Light Frames.		
280	6ft. by 4ft.	1 10 0	1 2 6
281	8ft. by 4ft.	1 16 0	1 7 0
282	8ft. by 6ft.	2 10 0	1 17 6
	3-Light Frames.		
283	10ft. by 6ft.	3 0 0	2 5 0
284	12ft. by 6ft.	3 10 0	2 12 6

VILLA CONSERVATORY.

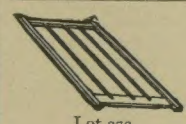


Complete, with half-glass door, lock and key, lattice, staging for each side; footpath the entire length of house; gutters and down pipes; top and side ventilators, according to size, and necessary ironwork for opening same. All woodwork painted one coat of good oil paint; good 21oz. glass throughout.

Lot	Length.	Width.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
81	7ft.	5ft.	4 5 0	3 10 0
82	8ft.	5ft.	5 0 0	4 0 0
85	9ft.	6ft.	6 10 0	5 2 6
87	10ft.	7ft.	7 10 0	6 0 0
89	12ft.	8ft.	9 0 0	7 0 0
92	15ft.	9ft.	11 0 0	8 10 0
95	20ft.	10ft.	16 0 0	12 10 0

Tarred Sleepers to erect these houses on, 3d. per foot.

GARDEN LIGHTS.



Lot 272.

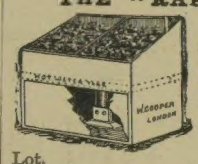
Well-seasoned stiles, 2 in. by 2 in., mortised and pinned to tenoned rails, properly rabbeted for the glass, and fitted with 2 in. sash bars.

	Unglazed. Sale Price. s. d.	Unglazed, with sufficient 21 oz. glass to glaze same. Sale Price. s. d.
6 ft. by 4 ft. ...	2 9	6 0
5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in..	2 6	5 0
4 ft. by 3 ft. ...	2 3	4 0
3 ft. by 2 ft. ..	1 6	2 6

PAINTED AND GLAZED 21 oz. GLASS.

6 ft. by 4 ft., 9s.; 5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in., 7s. 6d.; 4 ft. by 3 ft., 6s.; 3 ft. by 2 ft., 4s. Sale Price.

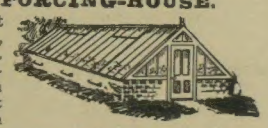
THE "RAPID" PROPAGATOR.



The Propagators are composed of an outside casing with hinged glazed sash on top. The bed or bottom is formed of a tank, in which a constant circulation of hot water is kept up by the heater.

Lot.		Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
268	Lean-to shape, 1ft. 8in. by 1ft. 6in.	1 1 0	0 15 0
269	" " 2ft. 6in. by 1ft. 10in.	1 10 0	1 2 6

SPAN-ROOF FORCING-HOUSE.



SPECIFICATION. — Built for brickwork, 3 ft. high, framework throughout 3 in. by 2 in. well-seasoned timbers; door, complete with lock and brass furniture at one end; roof ventilation according to size, necessary ironwork for opening same, and good 21 oz. glass throughout; house painted one coat good oil colour.

12 ft. wide.

Lot.	Length.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
188	20ft.	10 0 0	7 15 0
189	30ft.	14 0 0	11 5 0
190	40ft.	19 0 0	14 15 0
191	60ft.	27 0 0	20 10 0
192	100ft.	42 0 0	31 0 0

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIOS.



These structures are constructed sides and ends of tongued and grooved matching, on 3in. by 2in. framing; the roof is constructed partly of glass, the remaining portion being boarded and covered with felt. Floor of ⅞in. boards, upon 3in. by 2in. or 4in. by 2in. joists, according to size of building.

Lot.	Long.	Wide.	Height at eaves.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
616	12ft.	8ft.	7ft. 6in. ...	7 15 0	6 15 0
617	14ft.	10ft.	7ft. 6in. ...	9 10 0	7 15 0
619	20ft.	12ft.	8ft. 0in. ...	14 0 0	11 7 6

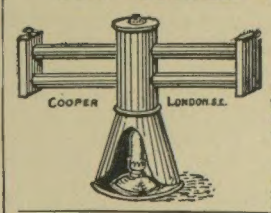
PAVILION FOR CLUB SPORTS.



This is a Pavilion thoroughly adapted for cricket, football, tennis, or any other sports. It is soundly constructed of good strong materials, with necessary partitions to form two dressing-rooms and open shelter, windows to open as shown.

Lot.	Long.	Wide.	Height at ridge.	Height at eaves.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
607	15ft.	8ft.	8ft.	6ft. 6in.	13 10 0	11 10 0
608	17ft.	10ft.	8ft.	6ft. 6in.	15 10 0	12 10 0
609	20ft.	12ft.	9ft.	7ft.	18 0 0	14 10 0
610	26ft.	12ft.	9ft.	7ft.	22 0 0	17 15 0
611	32ft.	14ft.	9ft.	8ft.	30 0 0	25 0 0

THE "COOPER" CIRCULATING HOT-WATER APPARATUS.



Lot 883.

For Frames, Small Greenhouses, Conservatories, Rooms, Offices, &c., &c. Burns 15 hours without attention.

Heats greenhouses up to 10 ft. by 7 ft. Usual price, 17s. 6d.; Sale price, 10s.

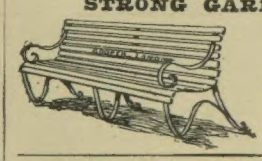
PORTABLE STABLE AND COACH AND HARNESS HOUSE.



No. 64. Constructed of good strong materials throughout, the sides and ends being covered with matching, on 3 in. by 2 in. framing. The roof is covered with stout boards on strong principals and covered with felt, complete with partitions, doors, windows, ironmongery, and glass. In sections, in readiness for erection.

Lot.	Suitable for	Lgth.	Wdth.	Height at Rdg.	Height at Evs.	Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
604	1 Pony and Trap	14ft.	10ft.	10ft.	7ft.	9 10 0	8 5 0
605	1 Horse and Trap	15ft.	12ft.	12ft.	8ft.	12 0 0	9 15 0
606	2 Horses and Traps	20ft.	12ft.	12ft.	8ft.	15 0 0	12 5 0

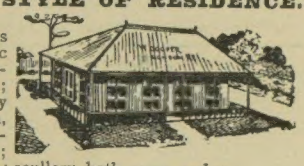
STRONG GARDEN SEATS.



Painted Ironwork and Varnished Legs. Wrought Iron Standards and Arm Rests. Sale Prices: 3ft. 10s. 6d.; 4ft. 14s.; 5ft. (3 standards) 17s. 6d.; 6ft. 21s.; 7ft. (3 standards) 24s. 6d.

BUNGALOW STYLE OF RESIDENCE.

Lot 698.



Comprising six rooms and usual domestic offices; two bedrooms, 12 ft. by 10 ft.; one bedroom, 9 ft. by 12 ft.; dining-room, 15 ft. by 12 ft.; sitting-room, 15 ft. by 12 ft.; kitchen, 9 ft. by 12 ft.; scullery, bath-room, and w.c.

Ground plan free on application. Main building 35 ft. by 28 ft.

Marked for re-erection and bundled and packed on rail or wharf, Usual Price, £110; Sale Price, £92 10s.



PORTABLE DOG KENNELS.

With Platform.

Soundly made with door at side for cleaning. Painted or stained and varnished.

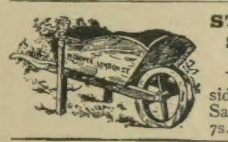
Lot		Usual Price. £ s. d.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
821	Terrier's size	0 10 6	0 7 6
822	For large Terrier	0 12 6	0 9 0
823	Collie and Retriever's size	0 15 0	0 11 0
824	St. Bernard's size	1 5 0	1 0 0

PORTABLE BUILDINGS.



Suitable for Workshops, Dwellings, Store Rooms, Offices, Stables, Tool or Potting Sheds, and numerous other purposes. Doors and windows can be placed in any position. Erected by any handy man in a few hours. Substantially constructed in sections, to bolt or screw together at the corners. Everything complete, carefully packed on rail.

Lot 581. Length.	Width.	Sale Price. £ s. d.
7ft. ...	5ft. ...	2 17 6
8ft. ...	6ft. ...	3 5 0
10ft. ...	7ft. ...	4 10 0
12ft. ...	8ft. ...	5 15 0
15ft. ...	9ft. ...	7 10 0
10ft. ...	10ft. ...	9 15 0
20ft. ...	12ft. ...	11 5 0
30ft. ...	14ft. ...	18 10 0
35ft. ...	15ft. ...	27 10 0
40ft. ...	16ft. ...	32 0 0



STRONG GARDEN OR STABLE BARROW.

Lot 784.

Wooden wheel, painted, 12in. sides, with shifting handle-board. Sale price, 17s. 6d. Shifting Top, 7s. 6d. extra.

SPAN-ROOF LOOSE BOXES.



Lot 629

Constructed of good sound tongued and grooved 1in. match-board, on 3in. by 2in. framing. The roof is formed of stout boards on strong timbers, and covered with felt; doors and window, manger and hay-rack to each box. Three boxes, size over all 21ft. by 9ft., 9ft high to ridge, and 6ft. 6in. high to eaves. Usual price, £17 10s. Sale price, £14 15s.

NEST BOXES.



Lot 508.

Bottom of wire netting, complete with doors, &c. Sale price, 2s. 3d. each, 12 for 25s., 100 for £9.

CHICKEN COOPS.

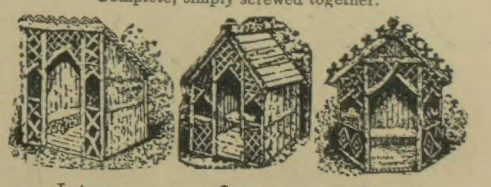


Lot 512.

Fitted with shutter, &c. Sale price, 3s. each, 32s. per dozen, £12 10s. per 100. Movable wire runs for above Coops. Sale price, 2s. each, 21s. per dozen.

RUSTIC WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Complete, simply screwed together.

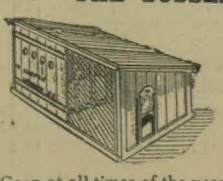


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The will (dated March 4, 1902), with two codicils, of ALDERMAN JOSEPH GAMBLE, of Southbourne, Sheffield, who died on Oct. 21, has been proved by Arnold Gamble and Bernard Gamble, the sons, and Samuel Howarth, the value of the property amounting to £89,574. The testator gives to his wife £300, and an annuity of £600 during her widowhood, or of £250 should she again marry; in trust for his daughter Alice Annie, £10,500; in trust for his daughter Lilian Tyzack, £12,000; and to his half-brothers, Richard and James Gamble, and to Samuel Howarth, £100 each. The remainder of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1906) of MRS. CATHERINE SASSOON, widow of the late Mr. Reuben Sassoon, of 7, Queen's Gardens, Brighton, who died on Feb. 8, has been proved by David Sassoon, the son, and Maurice Elias Gubbay, the value of the property being £28,299. The testatrix gives £420 to the Alexandra Hospital, Brighton; £3000 for such charitable purposes as her executors may select; £1000 to her daughter Louise Sassoon; 20 preference shares in David Sassoon and Co. to her grandson Harold Marrot; £1000 to Maurice Elias Gubbay; £50 each to her daughters Laura Gubbay and Flora Raphael; and £50 each to her grandchildren Vera Cecil Gubbay and Cyril Raphael. The residue of her property she leaves to her son David and her daughter Mrs. Marrot.

The will (dated July 26, 1904) of MR. WILLIAM JOSEPH JARRETT, of 66, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Halton House, Westgate-on-Sea, who died on Jan. 19, has just been proved by Joseph Arthur Burrell and Henry Lefevre Farrer, the gross value of the property being £93,221. The testator gives £600 to the Westminster Hospital; £300 each to the Westgate Infirmary, the Margate Cottage Hospital, the Solicitors' Benevolent Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Infant Orphan Asylum; £500 and £10,000 in trust for his grandniece, Jessie Marion Green; £2000 to William Francis Farrer; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to Jessie Marion Green, and the children of his deceased brother Frederick Charles.

The will (dated March 29, 1905) of MR. JAMES STOTHART, of The Bank, Stockton-on-Tees, bank manager, who died on Jan. 1, has been proved by John Stothart, the brother, James Bell Stothart, the son, Frank Brown, and John Hotson, the value of the estate being £77,169. He gives £500 to his sister-in-law, Arabella Stothart; £100 to each executor; and £500, the personal effects, and the income from £40,000 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Stothart. Subject to a sum of £250 per annum being held in trust for his son Thomas on the decease of Mrs. Stothart, he leaves the residue of his property to his children, James Bell, Mary Farries, Jean Bell, and Elizabeth Jessie Bell.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1904) of MR. BENJAMIN BURDEKIN, of Broomfield, Sheffield, solicitor, who died on Jan. 8, has been proved by Harold Pierson Burdekin and Walter Frederick Burdekin, the sons, the value of the estate being £80,162. The testator gives legacies to servants, and directs his executors to pay all subscriptions or donations promised by him to any charitable, religious, educational, or literary institutions. The residue of his property he leaves to his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1890), with two codicils, of the REV. ALFRED ARTHUR KAYE LEGGE, of 37, Sloane Gardens, Chelsea, who died on Jan. 22, has been proved by the Rev. Edward Samson and Arthur Legge Samson, the value of the real and personal estate being £51,109. The testator gives £500 to the Rev. Edward Samson; £300 to his nephew Julian Lambart; £200 to Oliver Ford Lambart; his property at Chiddingfold, near Guildford, to his nephew Alfred Legge Samson; and £500 to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life and then for his children, but should he leave no issue then for his sister, Mrs. Alice Mary Samson.

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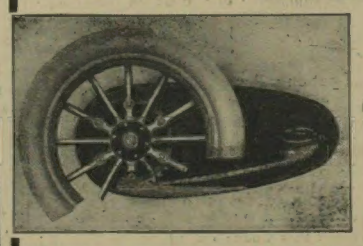
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